The Epiſtle of *Roſamond* to King *Henrie* the ſecond.

❋ The Argument.

Henrie *the ſecond of that name, King of England, the ſonne of* Geffrey Plantaginet, *Earle of Aniou, &* Maude *the Empreſſe, hauing by long ſute and princely gifts, wonne (to his vnlawfull deſire) faire* Roſamond, *the daughter of the Lord* VValter Clyfford, *and to auoyde the danger of* Ellinor *his iealious Queene, had cauſed a Labyrinth to be made within his pallace at VVoodſtocke; in the center whereof, hee had lodged his beautious paramore. VVhilſt the King is abſent in his warres in Normandy, this poore diſtreſſed Lady, incloſed in this ſolitarie place, tucht with remorſe of conſcience, writes vnto the King of her diſtreſſe and miſerable eſtate, vrging him by all meanes and perſwaſions, to cleere himſelfe of this infamie, and her of the griefe of minde, by taking away her wretched lyfe.*

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And therefore ſuted in diſpayring blacke,
This in loues name, ô that theſe lypps might craue,
But that ſweete name (vile I) prophaned haue;

ENGLANDS HEROICALL Epistles.

By Michaell Drayton.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. Ling, and are to be
sold at his shop at the VVest doore of
Poules. 1597.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

To the Reader.

SEing these Epistles are now at length made publique, it is imagined that I ought to bee accountable to the World of my priuate meaning, chiefely for mine own discharge, least being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a iust & vniuersall reprehension, for

——Itæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Three poynts are especially therefore to bee explaned. First, why I entitle this Worke Englands heroicall Epistles; *then why I obserue not the persons dignitie in the dedication; lastlie, why I haue annexed notes to euery Epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carrieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons herein were English, or else, that theyr loues were obtained in England. And though (heroicall) be properly vnderstood of demi-gods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whose Parents were said to be the one celestiall, the other mortall, yet is it also transferred to them who for the greatnes of minde come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a celestiall* Incubus, *is nothing els but to haue a great and mightie spirit, farre aboue the earthly weakenes of men, in which sence* Ouid (*whose imitator I partly professe to be*) *dooth also vse heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epistles, but haue their states ouer-matched by them who are made to speake in the Epistles, how euer the order is in dedication, yet in respect of*

theyr degrees in my deuotion, & the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in theyr particuler interest, hauing in some sort, sorted the complection of the Epistles, to the character of theyr iudgements to whom I dedicate them; excepting onely the blamefulnes of the persons passion, in those poynts wherein the passion is blameful. Lastly, such manifest difference beeing betwixt euery one of thē, where or howsoeuer they be marshaled, how can I be iustly appeached of vnaduisement. For the third, because the worke might in truth be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue inter-wouen matters historicall, which vnexplaned, might defraud the minde of much content; as for example, in Queene Margarits *Epistle to* VVilliam de la Pole,

My Daizie flower, which once perfum'd the ayre,

Margarite *in french signifies a Dazie, which for the allusion to her name, this Queene did giue for her deuise: and this as others more, haue seemed to mee not vnworthy the explaning. Now, though no doubt I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouer-passe to eschue tedious recitall, or to speake as malicious enuie may, for that in truth I ouer-see them. If they bee as harmelesly taken as I meant them, it shall suffise to haue onely touched the cause of the title, of the dedications, and of the notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not beeing accounted in mens opinions relish-esse) I shall not lastly be afraid to beleeue & acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.*

M. D.

To M. *Michaell Drayton.*

HOw can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his Inke away,
Deteſts the world, and company of men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day.
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated minde,
And what a iuſtly-greeued-thought can ſay:
I giue the world to know, I nere could finde,
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe verſe, an obiect for the proudeſt eye,
Diſdaine thoſe which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould deſcry,
The ſecret paſsions of a witty louer.
For they are ſuch as none but thoſe ſhall know,
VVhom beauty ſchooles to hold the blind Boyes bow.

Once I had vow'd (ô who can all vowes keepe)
Hence-forth to ſmother my vnlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dyes. Then doe as kinsfolke vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my now-dying-ſtile,
As I haue op'ned thy ſweet babes ere-while.

E. Sc. Gent.
Duris decus omen.

¶ To the excellent Lady *Lucie*, Counteſſe of *Bedford*.

(*)

MAdam, after all the admired Wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the ſad complaintes of faire and vnfortunate Roſamond, *and by the excellence of inuention, haue ſounded the depth of her ſundry paſſions: I preſent to your Ladiſhip this Epiſtle of hers to King* Henry, *whom I may rather call her louer then beloued. Heere muſt your Ladiſhip behold variablenes in reſolution: Woes conſtantly grounded: laments abruptly broken off: much confidence, no certainty, Wordes begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers: and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epiſtell. I ſtriue not to affect ſingularity, yet would faine flie imitation, and proſtrate mine owne Wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye muſt modell forth What my penne hath layd together: much Would ſhee ſay to a King, much Would I ſay to a Counteſſe, but that the method of my Epiſtle muſt conclude the modeſtie of hers: Which I Wiſh may recommend my euer vowed ſeruice to your honour.*

Michaell Drayton.

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✻ The Argument.

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And therefore ſuted in diſpayring blacke,
This in loues name, ô that theſe lypps might craue,
But that ſweete name (vile I) prophaned haue;

Puniſh my fault, or pittie mine eſtate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate.
If with my ſhame thine eyes thou faine would'ſt feede,
Heere let them ſurfeit, on my ſhame to reede;
This ſcribled paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, dooth reſemble mee:
As this pure ground, wheron theſe letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtayned by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleere and ſpotleſſe was mine innocence:
Now like theſe marks, which taint this hatefull ſcroule,
Such the black ſinnes, which ſpotte my leprous ſoule.
O *Henry* why, by loſſe thus ſhouldſt thou winne?
To get by conqueſt? to enrich with ſinne?
VVhy on my name this ſlaunder dooſt thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
Fame neuer ſtoopes to things but meane and poore,
The more our greatnes, makes our fault the more.
Lights on the ground, themſelues doe leſſen farre,
But in the ayre, each ſmall ſparke ſeemes a ſtarre.
VVhy on a womans frailetie wouldſt thou lay
This ſubtile plot, mine honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy
vvith vile expence of kinglie maieſtie?
T'was not my minde conſented to this ill,
Then had I beene tranſported by my will,
For what my body was enforſt to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my ſoule did not conſent vnto;
For through mine eyes, had ſhee her liking ſeene,
Such as my loue, ſuch had my louer beene.
True loue is ſimple, like his mother Truth,
Kindlie affection, youth to loue with youth;
No ſharper corſiue to our blooming yeares,

Then

Then the cold badge of vvinter-blasted haires,
Thy kinglie power makes to withstand thy foes,
But canst not keepe backe age, with time it growes;
Though honour our ambitious sexe doth please,
Yet in that honour, age a foule disease.
Nature hath her free course in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
VVhich all the world will to my shame impute
That I my selfe did basely prostitute;
And say, that gold was fuell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling greene desire,
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My temptor was to that forbidden tree;
That subtile serpent, that seducing deuill,
vvhich bad mee taste the fruite of good and euill:
That *Circe*, by whose magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd;
That viperous hagge, the foe to her owne kind,
That wicked spirit, vnto the weaker minde:
Our frailties plague, our natures onely curse,
Hells deep'st damnation, the worst euills worse.
But *Henry*, how canst thou affect me thus,
T'vvhom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with *Henries* name I found
Cut in the glasse with *Henries* Diamond:
That glasse from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the ayre would me betray;
Then doe I striue to wash it out with teares,
But then the same more euident appeares.
Then doe I couer it with my guiltie hand,
vvhich that names witnes doth against mee stand:
Once did I sinne, which memory doth cherrish,
Once I offended, but I euer perrish.

VVhat griefe can be, but time dooth make it leſſe?
But infamy tyme neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Some-times to paſſe the tedious irkeſome howres,
I clymbe the top of VVoodſtocks mounting towers,
VVhere in a Turret ſecretly I lye
To viewe from farre ſuch as doe trauaile by,
VVhether (mee thinks) all caſt theyr eyes at mee,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch hate the harmles walls doe view,
As vnto death theyr eyes vvould mee purſue.
The married women curſe my hatefull life,
VVhich wrong a lawfull bed, a Queene, a vvife;
The maydens wiſh I buried quicke may die,
The lothſome ſtaine to their virginitie.
VVell knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would bee,
VVhen thou didſt builde this Labyrinth for mee,
VVhoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray:
Onely a Clue to guide mee out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I, circuler in ſinne.
As in the Tarras heere this other day
My maide and I did paſſe the time away,
Mongſt manie pictures which we paſſed by,
The ſilly girle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſt *Lucrece* picture, and deſires to know
VVhat ſhee ſhould be herſelfe that murdred ſo?
VVhy girle (quoth I) this is that Romaine dame:
Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tougue doth mine owne guiltines betray;
VVith that I ſend the pratling girle away,
Leaſt when my liſping guiltie tongue ſhould hault,
My lookes ſhould be the Index to my fault.
As that life blood which from the hart is ſent,

In beauties fielde pitching his Crimſon Tent,
In louely ſanguine ſutes the Lilly cheeke,
VVhilſt it but for a reſting place dooth ſeeke;
And changing often-times with ſweet delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white.
The louely bluſh, the palenes dooth diſtaine,
The palenes makes the bluſh more faire againe:
Thus in my breaſt a thouſand thoughts I carry,
vvhich in my paſsion diuerſly doe varry.
VVhen as the ſunne hales towards the weſterne ſlade,
And the trees ſhadowes three times greater made,
Foorth goe I to a little Current neere,
VVhich like a wanton trayle creepes heere and there,
VVhere with mine angle caſting in my baite,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
vvith fearefull nibbling flie th'inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lyes therein.
Things reaſonleſſe thus warnd by nature bee,
Yet I deuourd the baite was layd for mee;
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubling ſpring which trypps vppon the ſtones
Chides mee away, leaſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that natiue puritie.
Roſe of the VVorld, ſo dooth import my name,
Shame of the Worlde, my life hath made the ſame;
And to th' vnchaſt thys name ſhall giuen bee,
Of *Roſamond*, deriu'd from ſinne and mee.
The *Clyffords* take from mee that name of theirs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yeeres.
They blot my birth with hatefull baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall their name abuſe.

Heere in the Garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine ſtandes,
vvith all her Nimphs got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chaunce eſpyde her:
This ſacred image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphoſd man purſu'd
By his owne hounds: ſo by my thoughts am I,
vvhich chaſe mee ſtill, which way ſo ere I flie.
Touching the graſſe, the honny-dropping dew,
vvhich falls in teares before my limber ſhue,
Vpon my foote conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, VVhy went'ſt thou vnto ill?
Thus to no place in ſafetie can I goe
But euery thing doth giue mee cauſe of woe.
In that faire Casket of ſuch wondrous coſt
Thou ſent'ſt the night before mine honour loſt,
Amimone was wrought, a harmeleſſe maide,
By *Neptune* that adulterous God betrayd;
Shee proſtrate at his feete begging with prayers,
vvringing her hands, her eyes ſwolne vp with teares:
This was not the entrapping baite of men,
But by thy vertue gentlie warning then;
To ſhew to mee for what intent it came,
Leaſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame.
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
VVas *Ioues*-loue *I-o* turnd into a Cowe.
Yet was ſhee kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakefull ſtill be *Iunos* iealouſies;
By this I well might haue fore-warned beene,
T' haue cleerd my ſelfe to thy ſuſpecting Queene,
vvho with more hundred eyes attendeth mee
Then had poore *Argus* ſingle eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightlie imitateſt *Ioue*,

Into a beaſt thou haſt transformd thy loue.
Nay worſer farre; (degenerate from kinde)
A monſter, both in body and in minde.
The waxen Taper which I burne by night,
vvith his dull vapory dimnes mocks my ſight;
As though the dampe which hinders his cleere flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my ſhame,
VVhen it did burne as darkneſſe vglie eye
vvhen ſhot the ſtarre of my virginitie.
And if a ſtarre but by the glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreate it not to looke in heere;
I am already hatefull to the light,
It is enough, betray mee not to night.
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid mee of that, by onelie murdring mee;
And let it iuſtly to my charge be layd
Thy roiall perſon I would haue betrayd:
Thou ſhalt not neede by circumſtance t'accuſe mee,
If I denie it, let the heauens refuſe mee.
My lifes a blemiſh which dooth cloude thy name,
Take it away, and cleere ſhall ſhine thy fame:
Yeeld to my ſute, if euer pitty moou'd thee,
In this ſhewe mercie, as I euer lou'd thee.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

Well knewe'ſt thou what a monſter I would bee,
When thou did'ſt builde this Labyrinth for mee.

IN the *Cretean* Labyrinth a monſter was incloſed, called a *Minotaur*, the hiſtory wherof is well knowne, but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dædalus*, w ſo many intricate waies, ẏ being entred, one could either hardly or neuer return, being in maner of a maze, ſaue

that it was larger, the waies being walld in on euery ſide, out of the which *Theſeus* by *Ariadnes* help (lending him a clue of thred) eſcaped. Some report that it was a houſe, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the chamber doores therein ſo deceitfully enwrapped, & made to open ſo many ſundry wayes, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſsible to returne.

Some haue held it to haue been an Allegorie of mans life, true it is, that the compariſon will hold, for what liker to a Labyrinth then the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquitie that there was indeede ſuch a building, though *Dædalus* beeing a name applied to the workmans excellencie, make it ſuſpected; for *Dædalus* is nothing els but ingenious, or artificiall. Heereupon it is vſed among the auncient Poets for any thing curiouſly wrought.

Roſamonds Labyrinth, whoſe ruins together with her well being paued with ſquare ſtone in the bottom, and alſo her towre from which the Labyrinth did run, (are yet remaining,) was altogether vnder ground, being vaults arched and waled with brick & ſtone, almoſt inextricably wound one within another, by which if at any time her lodging were layd about by the Queene, ſhe might eaſily auoyde perrill imminent, & if neede be, by ſecrete iſſues take the ayre abroad, many furlongs round about Wodſtocke in Oxfordſhire, wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for *Roſamands* Labyrinth.

Whoſe ſtrange Maanders turned euery way.

Meander is a riuer in *Lycia*, a Prouince of *Natolia* or *Aſia minor*, famous for the ſinuoſitie and often turning thereof, riſing frō certaine hills in *Mæonia*, heereupon are intricate turnings by a tranſſumptiue and Metonimicall kind of ſpeech, called *Mæanders*, for this riuer did ſo ſtrangely path it ſelfe, that the foote ſeemed to touch the head.

Roſe of the world, ſo dooth import my name,
Shame of the world my life hath made the ſame.

It might be reported, how at *Godſtow* where this Roſe of the world was ſumptuouſly interred, a certaine Biſhop in the viſitation of his dioceſe, cauſed the monument which had been erected to her honour, vtterly to be demoliſhed, but be that ſeuere chaſtiſement of *Roſamond* then dead, at this time alſo ouerpaſſed, leaſt ſhe ſhould ſeeme to be the *Shame of the world.*

Henry to Rosamond.

WHen first the Post arriued in my Tent,
And brought the Letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Think frō his lips, but what sweet cōfort came,
vvhē in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
VVith newe enquiries then I cut him short
vvhen of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest hast my tongue oft tryps,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lyps:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To loose no time whilst I vnript the seale.
The more I read, still doe I erre the more,
As though mistaking some-what said before.
Missing the poynt, the doubtfull sence is broken,
Speaking againe, what I before had spoken;
Still in a swound, my hart reuiues, and faints,
Twixt hopes, dispaires, twixt smiles, and deepe complaints.
As these sad accents sort in my desires, (fiers,
Smooth calmes, rough stormes, sharpe frosts, and raging
Put on with boldnesse, and put backe with feares,
My tongue with curses, when mine eyes with teares.
O how my hart at that black line did tremble,
That blotted paper should thy selfe resemble;
O were there paper but neere halfe so white,
The Gods thereon their sacred Lawes would write
VVith pennes of Angels wings, and for theyr inck,
That heauenly Nectar, their immortall drinke.
Maiestick courage striues to haue suppreſt
This fearefull passion stirr'd vp in my breſt,

But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My hart muſt breake within, or woes breake out.
Am I at home purſu'd with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?
Is meager Ennie ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?
And am I branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemn'd by dreadfull counſells dombe?
And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,
Rich Normandy with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkind my children, moſt vnkinde my wife.
Griefe, cares, old age, ſuſpition to torment mee,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content mee;
So manie woes, ſo many plagues to finde,
Sicknes of body, diſcontent of minde;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Baniſht, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted:
Of all releeſe hath Fortune quite bereft mee?
Onely my loue vnto my comfort left mee.
And is one beautie thought ſo great a thing?
To mittigate the ſorrowes of a King?
Barr'd of that choyce the vulgar often proue,
Haue wee (then they) leſſe priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King, the wofull widdow heares?
Is it a King, dryes vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King, regards the Clyants cry?
Giues life to him by iuſtice domb'd to die?
Is it his care, the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the nurſe her babie whilſt it ſleepes?
And that poore King, of all theſe hopes preuented,
Vnhard, vnhelp'd, vnpittied, vnlamented.
Yet let me be with pouertie oppreſt,

Of earthly blesings rob'd, and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd, reiected, and reuild,
From kingdom, country, & from Court exild,
Let the worlds curse vpon me still remaine,
And let the last bring on the first againe;
All miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leaue for my comfort; onely *Rosamond*,
For thee swift Time her speedy course doth stay,
At thy commaund the Destinies obey;
Pitty is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feete, euen mercy prostrate lyes;
If I were feeble, rhumaticke, or cold,
These were true signes that I were waxed old,
But I can march all day in masie steele,
Nor yet my armes vnweeldie weight do feele,
Nor wak'd by night, with bruze or bloudy woūd,
The Tent my bed, no pillow but the ground;
For very age had I layne bedrid long,
One smile of thine againe could make me yong.
VVere there in Art a power but so diuine
As is in that sweet Angell-tongue of thine,
That great Inchauntresse which once tooke such paines,
To force young blood in *Aesons* wither'd vaines,
And frō groues, mountaines, medowes, marshe & fen,
Brought all the simples were ordaind for men,
And of those plants, those hearbs, those flowers, those (weeds,
Vsed the roots, the leaues, the iuyce, the seeds,
And in this powerfull potion that shee makes,
Puts blood of men, of beasts, of birds, of snakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone so far,
To seeke the soyles where all those simples are,
One accent from thy lypps, the blood more warmes,
Then all her philtres, exorcismes, and charmes.

Thy preſence hath repaired in one day,
VVhat manie yeeres and ſorrowes did decay,
And made freſh beauties faireſt branches ſpring
From wrinckled furrowes of Times ruining.
Euen as the hungry winter-ſtarued earth
VVhen ſhee by nature labours towards her birth;
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One bloſſom foorth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall flower whoſe roote is nowe vnbound,
Gets from the froſtie priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerfull noone,
Deck'd in freſh colours, ſmiles vpon the ſunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that breſt,
VVhere but one thought of *Roſamond* dyd reſt;
Nor thirſt, nor trauaile, which on warre attend,
Ere brought the long day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue,
vvhere hope of thee, did any comfort giue.
Ah what iniuſtice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltleſſe dooſt condemne for me?
VVhen onely ſhee (by meanes of my offence)
Redeemes thy purenes, and thy innocence,
VVhen to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
That iuſt in them, what ere in vs vniuſt;
Of what we doe, not them account we make,
Thys ſerues for all; they doe it for our ſake,
And what to worke a Princes will may merit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſsion in a gentle ſpirit:
Our powerfull wills drawne by attractiue beautie,
They to our wills arm'd by ſubiectiue dutie.
And true affection doth no bound reteane,
For this is ſure, firme loue had neuer meane;
And whilſt the cauſe by reaſon is diſputed,

Reaſon it ſelfe, by loue is moſt confuted.
Ift be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend;
And ift be that which thou dooſt onely hate,
That name, in my name, laſtly hath his date.
Say tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of all names tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not ſo.
And when all this is done, I know twill grieue thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now beleeue thee?
Nor ſhouldſt thou thinke thoſe eyes with enuie lower,
vvhich paſsing by thee, gaze vp to thy tower,
But rather praiſe thine owne which be ſo cleere,
VVhich from the Turret like two ſtarres appeare;
And in theyr moouings, like a Chriſtall glaſſe,
Make ſuch reflection vnto all that paſſe,
Aboue the ſunne doth ſhine, beneath thine eyes,
As though two ſunnes at once, ſhin'd in two skyes.
The little ſtreame which by thy tower doth glide,
VVhere oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary euening tide,
To view thee well his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoone away;
And with ſalutes thy ſelfe would gladly greete,
And offer vp thoſe ſmall drops at thy feete,
But finding that the enuious bankes reſtraine it,
To'xcuſe it ſelfe doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubling murmur keepes,
And in this ſort within the channell weepes.
And as thou dooſt into the water looke,
The fiſhe which ſee thy ſhadow in the brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſter of thine eye.

And

And that ſweet name which thou ſo much dooſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poets ſong;
And with the very ſweetnes of that name
Lyons and Tygars, men ſhal learne to tame.
The carefull mother from her penſiue breſt
vvith *Roſamond* ſhall bring her babe to reſt;
The little birds, (by mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake, and prattle *Roſamond*;
And when in Aprill they begin to ſing,
vvith *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the ſpring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.
The little flowers which dropping honied dew,
which (as thou writ'ſt) do weepe vpon thy ſhue,
Not for thy fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) doe mone,
But weep for griefe, that thou ſo ſoone art gone,
For if thy foote tuch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlock's made more ſweeter then the Roſe;
Of *Ioue* or *Neptune* how they did betray,
Nor ſpeake of *I-o*, or *Amimone*,
VVhen ſhe for whom *Ioue* once became a Bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhee a whiter Cow,
Yet he, nor ſhe, nere halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou knowſt) my care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealious *Ellinor*;
The Labyrinths conueyance guides thee ſo,
(vvhich onely *Vaban* thou and I doe knowe)
If ſhee doe guard thee with a hundred eyes,
I haue an hundred ſubtile *Mercuries*
To watch that *Argus*, which my loue doth keep,
Vntill eye, after eye, fall all to ſleepe.
Thoſe ſtarrs looke in by night, looke in to ſee,

VVondring what ſtarre heere on the earth ſhould bee.
As oft the Moone amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,
And by the Curtaine help'd mine eye to ſee
vvhat enuious night and darknes hid from mee;
vvhen I haue wiſh'd that ſhee might euer ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enioy the day.
VVhat ſhould I ſay? words, teares, and ſighes be ſpent,
And want of time dooth further helps preuent;
My Campe reſounds with feareſull ſhocks of war,
Yet in my breaſt the worſer conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignall to the battailes ſound,
The bleſſed name of beautious *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that hart, that tongue, that breath,
Should thinke, ſhould ſpeake, or whiſper of thy death.
For in one ſmyle, or lower from thy ſweet eye,
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victorie.
Sweet VVoodſtock, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Bleſſed in her, in whom thy King is bleſt;
For though in Fraunce a while my body bee,
(Sweet Paradice) my hart remaines in thee.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

Am I at home purſued with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?

Robert Earle of Leiceſter, who tooke part with young king *Henry*, entred into England with an Army of 3. thouſand Flemmings, and ſpoyled the Countryes of Norfolke and Suffolke, beeing ſuccoured by many of the Kings priuate enemies.

And am I branded with the curſe of Roome?

King *Henry* the ſecond, the firſt *Plantaginet*, accuſed for the death of *Thomas Becket*, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſlaine in the Cathedrall Church, was accurſed by Pope *Alexander*, although he

vrgd sufficient proofe of his innocencie in the same, and offered to take vpon him any pennance, so he might escape the curse & interdiction of the Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies ouer-runne.

Henry the young King, whom King *Henry* had caused to bee crowned in his life, (as he hoped) both for his owne good & the good of his subiects, which indeede turned to his owne sorrowe, and the trouble of the whole Realme, for he rebelled against him, and raysing a power, by the meanes of *Lewes* King of Fraunce, & *William* King of Scots who tooke part with him, inuaded Normandie.

Vnkind my children, most vnkind my wife.

Neuer King more infortunate then King *Henry* in the disobedience of his chyldren; first *Henry*, then *Geffery*, then *Richard*, then *Iohn*, all at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him; then the iealousie of *Ellinor* his Queene, who suspected his loue to *Rosamond*: which grieuous troubles, the deuout of those times, attrybuted to happen vnto him iustly, for refusing to take vpon him the gouernment of Ierusalem, offered vnto him by the Patriarck there, which Countrey was mightily afflicted by the Souldane.

Which onely Vahan *thou and I doe know.*

This *Vahan* was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Pallace at Woodstocke, and much of the Kinges iewels and treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secrets, and in whom hee reposed such trust, that hee durst commit his loue into his charge.

FINIS.

TO HIS SINGVLER good Lord, the Lord Mount-eagle.

MY verie good Lord, let mee not need by tedious protestation to expostulate the long conceiued desire I haue had to honour you: your owne noble inclination can best conceiue, what greater testimonie coulde bee demonstrate: and I had rather abreuiate what I woulde say, then by saying too much, to giue doubtfull construction, of vndoubted well meaning. Let this my Epistles be one staire or little degree, whereby I may ascend into the entrance of your good opinion, as one whom I haue chose, amongst the number of mine honourable friends, whose patronage may giue protection to my newe aduentured Poesie. Thus leauing your honour to your hopefull fortunes, and my Muse to your gracious acceptance, I wish you all happines.

Englands heroicall epistles

Michaell Drayton.

Michaell Drayton

C. King

King *Iohn* to *Matilda*.

✻ The Argument.

After that King Iohn *had assaied by all meanes possible, to win the fayre and chast* Matilda, *to his vnchast and vnlawfull bed, and by vniust courses and false accusation had banished the Lord* Robert Fitzwater *her noble Father, and many other of his alies, who iustly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his faire and vertuous daughter: this chast Lady still solicited by this lasciuious King, flies vnto* Dunmowe *in Essex, where in a Nunnarie shee becomes a Nun, whether the King (still persisting in his sute) solicits her by this Epistle; her reply confirmes her vowed and inuinsible chastitie, making knowne to the King her pure vnspotted thoughts.*

WHen these my Letters come vnto thy view,
Think them not forc'd, or faind, or strange, or new;
Thou knowst no way, no meanes, no course exempted,
Left now vnsought, vnprou'd, or vnatempted,
All rules, regards, all secrets, helps of Art,
VVhat knowledge, wit, experience can impart;
And in the old worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good dayes for loue, times, howers, and minutes noted:
And where Art left, loue teacheth more to find,
By signes in presence to expresse the minde.
Oft hath mine eye, told thine eye, beautie greeu'd it,
And begd but for one looke to haue releeu'd it:
And still with thine eyes motion, mine eye mou'd,
Labouring for mercie; telling how it lou'd.

If

If blush'd, I blush'd, thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whitenes aunswered thine;
If sigh'd, I sigh'd, alike both passion proue,
But thy sigh is for griefe, my sigh for loue;
If a word past, that insufficient were,
To helpe that word, mine eye let forth a teare,
And if that teare did dull or senceleſſe proue,
My hart would fetch a sigh, to make it moue.
Oft in thy face, one fauour from the reſt
I singled forth that likes my fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one that doth deriue all wonder thence,
Then one whoſe rarenes paſſeth excellence.
VVhilſt I behold thy Globe-like rouling eye,
Thy louely cheeke (mee thinkes) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells mee, thoſe but ſhadowes & ſuppoſes,
And bids me thether come and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to mee,
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee.
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chin
Againe doth tell me I but newe begin,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Leaſt wondring leaſt, the greateſt I ouerſlip.
My gazing eye, on this and this doth ceaze,
vvhich ſurfets, yet cannot deſire appeaſe.
Then like I browne, (ô louely browne thy haire)
Onely in brownenes, beauty dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine eye-ball blacke as Iet,
Then cleere, that ball is there in Chriſtall ſet,
Then white, but ſnow, nor ſwan, nor Iuorie pleaſe,
Then are thy teeth more whiter then all theſe:
In browne, in blacke, in purenes, and in white,

All loue, all ſweets, all rarenes, all delight;
Thus thou vile theefe, my ſtolne hart hence doeſt carry,
And novv thou flyeſt into ſanctuarie:
Fie peeuiſh girle, ingratefull vnto nature,
Did ſhe to this end, frame thee ſuch a creature
That thou her glory ſhould increaſe thereby,
And thou alone doeſt ſcorne ſocietie?
VVhy heauen, made beauty like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lock'd vp, in a ſmokie Mew,
A roſy-taynted feature is heauens gold
vvhich all men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun
That ſo rare beauty ſhould not liue a Nun.
But if this vow thou needes wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloyſter for thy ſake,
Still may his paines for euer be augmented,
This ſuperſtition that at firſt inuented
Ill might he thriue, that brought this cuſtome hether,
That holy people might not liue together,
A happy time, a good world was it then,
vvhen holy women, liu'd with holy men,
But Kings in this, yet priuiledg'd may bee,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee.
VVho would not riſe to ring the mornings knell,
VVhen thy ſweet lips might be the facring bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips, might feaſt his lips at laſt,
vvho vnto Mattens, early would not riſe?
That might reade by the light of thy faire eyes?
On worldly pleaſure, who would euer looke?
That had thy curles his beades, thy browes his booke?
VVert thou the croſſe, to thee who would not creepe
And wiſh the croſſe, ſtill in his armes to keepe,

Sweet girle, ile take this holy habite on me,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon me,
Holy *Matilda* thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy Seruant, and my bed thy ſhrine,
vvhen I doe offer, be thy breaſt the Alter,
And when I pray thy mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The beades that we will bid ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
vvhich we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes,
And when an *Auie* comes, to ſay Amen,
vve will begin, and tell them or'e againe.
Now all good fortune, giue me happy thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while,
Thou took'ſt this vow to equall my deſire
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Fryer,
And that we two, ſhould comfort one another,
A holy Siſter, and a holy Brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe vnto me alone,
She is moſt chaſt, that's but enioy'd of one.
Yea: now thy true deuotion doe I finde,
And ſure in this I much commend thy minde:
Elſe heere thou do'ſt but ill inſample giue,
And in a Nunry heere thou ſhouldſt not liue
Is't poſsible the houſe that thou art in
Should not be tucht, (though with a veniall ſin)
vvhen ſuch a ſhe-Prieſt comes her maſſe to ſay,
Twenty to one, they all forget to pray.
VVell may we wiſh, they would their harts amend,
vvhen we be witnes, that their eyes offend,
All creatures haue deſires, or elſe ſome lye,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Doeſt thou not thinke our Anceſtors were wiſe,

That theſe religious Cells did firſt deuiſe:
As Hoſpitalls were for the ſore and ſick,
Theſe for the crook'd, the hault, the ſtigmatick,
Leaſt that theyr ſeede mark'd with deformitie,
Should be a blemiſh to poſteritie.
VVould heau'n her beauty ſhould be hid from ſight,
Nere would ſhe thus herſelfe adorne with light,
vvith ſparkling lamps; nor would ſhe paint her throne
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon:
And when the golden glorious ſunne goes downe,
vvould ſhe put on her ſtar-beſtuded crowne:
And in her masking ſute, the ſpangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her reuelrie;
And gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this, ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene;
In ſincks and vaults, the vgly Toades doe dwell,
The deuils ſince moſt vgly, they in hell:
Our mother earth, nere glories in her fruite,
Till by the ſunne clad in her Tinſell ſute,
Nor doth ſhee euer ſmyle him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her imbrace:
VVhich proues ſhe hath a ſoule, ſence, and delight
Of generations feeling appetite.
VVell hypocrite (inſaith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
vvhat ere thy tongue ſay, thy hart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing, (if nought els perſwade)
Nature of all things male, and female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made ſhee any thing in vaine;
For as thou art, ſhould any haue been thus,
She would haue left inſample vnto vs.

The Turtle that's ſo true and chaſt in loue,
Shewes by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue,
Th'arabian Bird, that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſt, becauſe ſhee is alone;
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues, and Sparrowes doe,
But therefore made a martyr in deſire,
And doth her pennance laſtly in the fire;
So may they all be roſted quicke that be
Apoſtataes to nature, as is ſhee.
Finde me but one, ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(vvoo'd, ſu'd, and ſought, by him that now ſeekes thee)
But of thy minde, and heere I vndertake,
Straight to erect a Nunry for her ſake;
O hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare delights
Ordaind each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights,
To haue theyr beauties, and theyr wits admird,
(VVhich is by nature, of your ſexe deſird)
Attended by our traynes, our pompe, our port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneeld to in Court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of highnes, grace, and ſoueraigne maieſtie:
But vnto them that know not pleaſures price,
All's one, a pryſon, and a Paradice.
If in a Dungion, cloſd vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
VVhoſe pallate neuer taſted daintie cates,
Thinks homely diſhes, princely delicates.
Alas poore girle, I pittie thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liu'd diſconſolate;
VVhy now at length let yet thy hart relent,
And call thy Father backe from baniſhment:
And with thoſe princely honors heere inueſt him,

That aukeward loue and hate hath diſpoſeſt him.
Call from exile, thy deere alies and friends,
To whom the furie of my griefe extends;
And if thou take my counſaile in this caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt haue better grace,
And leaue that *Dunmowe*, that accurſed Cell,
There let blacke night, and melancholie dwell;
Come to the Court, where all ioyes ſhall receaue thee,
And till that howre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle of K. *Iohn* to *Matilda*, is much more poetical then hiſtoricall, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time, or ſtate, touching only his loue to her, & the extremity of his paſſions forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the humor of this King: as it hath been truly noted by the beſt & moſt autenticall Writers, whoſe nature and diſpoſition, is trulieſt diſcerned in the courſe of his loue; firſt ieſting at the ceremonies of the ſeruices of thoſe tymes; then going about by all ſtrong and probable argumentes, to reduce her to pleaſures and delights; next with promiſes of honour, which he thinketh to be laſt and greateſt meane, and to haue greateſt power in her ſexe; with promiſe of calling home of her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.

Matilda to King *Iohn*.

NO ſooner I, receiu'd thy letters heere,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But ſuddaine feare my bloodleſſe vaines doth fill,
As though diuining of ſome future ill;

And in a ſhyuering extaſie I ſtood,
A chyllie coldnes runnes through all my blood:
Opening thy letters, I ſhut vp my reſt,
And let ſtrange cares into my quiet breſt,
As though thy hard, vnpittying hand had ſent mee,
Some newe deuiſed torture to torment mee;
VVell had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembreſt not:
And that proude beautie, which inforſt mee hether,
Had with my name, now perriſh'd both together:
But ô (I ſee) our hoped good deceaues vs,
But what we would forgoe, that ſildome leaues vs;
Thy blameſull lines, beſpotted ſo with ſin,
Mine eyes would cleanſe, ere they to reade begin:
But I to waſh an Indian goe about,
For ill ſo hard ſet on, is hard got out.
I once determind, ſtill to haue beene mute,
Onelie by ſilence to refell thy ſute,
But thys againe did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay, that ſilence doth conſent:
Deſire, with ſmall incouraging growes bold,
And hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I ſet mee downe at large to write my minde,
But now, nor pen, nor paper can I finde;
For dread, and paſsion, are ſo powerfull ore mee,
That I diſcerne not things that ſtand before mee:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
This at commaund, and nowe inuention lacks,
This ſentence ſerues, and that my hand out-ſtrikes,
That pleaſeth well, and this aſmuch miſlikes,
I write, endite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, diſpaire, take courage, faint, diſdaine,

I make, alledge, I immitate, I faine:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bolde, ſhamefaſt, feareleſſe, doubtfull, timerous;
My faint hands writing, when my full eye reedes,
From euery word ſtrange paſsion ſtill proceedes.
O when the ſoule is fettered once in wo,
T'is ſtrange what humors it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drowne a teare, ſigh, ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other;
Th'ouer-watched weakenes of a ſicke conceite,
Is that which makes ſmall beauty ſeeme ſo great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lye,
vvhich crook'd, ſeeme ſtraight, if ſtraight, ſeeme contrary,
And this our vaine imagination ſhowes it
As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
(As in a Mirhor, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likenes, iuſtly ſuch are you;
But as you change your ſelfe, it changeth there,
And ſhowes you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motiō doth your ſhadow moue,
If frowne, or ſmile; ſuch the conceite of loue.
VVhy tell me, is it poſsible the mind
A forme in all deformitie ſhould find?
VVithin the compaſſe of mans face we ſee
How many ſorts of ſeuerall fauours be;
And that the chyn, the noſe, the brow, the eye,
If great, if ſmall, flat, ſharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mightie differente in the face;
And in the world, ſcarce two ſo likely are
One with the other which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A iudging ſight doth ſoone diſtinguiſh either.

How woman-like a weakenes is it then?
O what ſtrange madnes ſo poſſeſſeth men
Bereft of ſence: ſuch ſenceleſſe wonders ſeeing,
vvithout forme, faſhion, certaintie, or being?
For which ſo many die to liue in anguiſh,
Yet cannot liue, if thus they ſhould not languiſh;
That comfort yeelds not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dies not;
That hates vs moſt, when moſt it ſpeakes vs fayre,
Doth promiſe all things, alwaies payes with ayre,
Yet ſome-time doth our greateſt griefe appeaſe,
To double ſorrow after little eaſe.
Like that which thy laſciuious will doth craue,
vvhich if once had, thou neuer more canſt haue;
VVhich if thou get, in getting thou dooſt waſt it,
Taken, is loſt, and perriſh'd if thou haſt it;
vvhich if thou gain'ſt, thou nere the more haſt wone,
I looſing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King reſtores, though he a kingdome gaue me.
Dooſt thou of father and of friends depriue mee?
And tak'ſt thou from mee, all that heauen did giue mee?
vvhat nature claimes, by blood, alies, or neerenes,
Or friendſhip challenge, by regard or deerenes.
Mak'ſt mee an Orphane ere my father die?
A wofull widdow in virginitie?
Is thy vnbrideled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans tombe with fained teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill,
To harbor hate in ſhew of ſweeteſt things,
So in the Roſe the poyſned ſerpent ſtings.
To lurke farre off, yet lodge deſtruction by,

The Basiliske dooth poyson with the eye;
To call for ayde, and then to lye in waite,
So the Hienna murthers by deceit;
By sweet inticements, sodaine death to bring,
So from the Rocks th'aluring Mermaides sing;
In greatest wants, t'inflict the greatest woe,
This is the worst that tyrannie can doe.
But where the boystrous raging storme preuailes,
In vaine is vse of Ankors, oares, or sailes;
Aboue vs, blustering windes, and dreadfull thunder,
Gusts, flawes, and surges, still are working vnder;
Here on this side, the furious tempests flie,
There Rocks, and sands, and dangerous vvhirl-pooles lie.
Is this the meane that maiestie approues,
And in this sort doe Princes wooe theyr loues?
VVith rarest musicke, which the hearing charmes,
Fill they our eares, with noise of clattering Armes?
To please the smell, with odours sweet perfuming,
The smokie steame, of Towers with fire consuming?
For pompous tryumphs, to delight the eye,
Present vs murther, and blacke tragedie?
To please the taste, and stirre the youthfull blood,
Giue they vs teares for drinke, and sighes for foode,
To please the tuch, they cares to vs allow,
Our hands may feele the wrinkles in our brow,
And for sweet friends to nourish our content,
Mue they vs vp, send them to banishment.
Mildnes would better sute with maiestie,
Then rash reuenge, and rough seueritie,
For vertue is more amiable, more sweet
VVhen vertue, and true maiestie doe meet;
For from the prospect of a kingly throne
Vertue sees much, she hath to builde vpon:

O in what safety Temperance doth rest
vvhen it findes harbour in a kinglie brest;
How deere is mercy, hauing power and will,
vvhen pittie helps, where equitie doth kill.
If pittie praise-full in vnhelping men,
In powerfull Kings, how glorious is it then?
Alas, and fled I hether from my fo,
That innocence should be betrayed so?
Is Court and Country both her enemie,
And no place found to shroude in chastitie?
Each house for lust, a harbor, and an Inne,
Each Citty is a sanctuary for sinne;
And all doe pittie beautie in distresse,
If beautie chast, then onely pittileſſe.
And thus is beautie made the stale of lust,
Or vnreleeued, perish needes shee must.
Lasciuious Poets, which abuse the truth,
vvhich oft teach age to sin, infecting youth,
For the vnchast make trees & stones to mourne,
Or as they please, to other shapes doe turne
Cinyras daughter; whose incestious minde,
Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kinde:
Long since by them is turnd into a Mirrh,
vvhose dropping liquor euer weepes for her:
And in a fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault so vile, and monsterous before,
Silla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a byrd, (if all be true they say.)
Shee that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphiz'd into Frankensence.
Other, to flowers, to odours, and to gum,
At least *Ioues* lemman is a starre become:
And more; they faine a thousand fond excuses,

To

To hide their ſcapes, and couer their abuſes,
The virgine onely they obſcure and hide,
vvhilſt the vnchaſt, by them are deified;
Yet if a *Veſtals* name be once expreſt,
Shee muſt be ſette together with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
That fauour ſoone is vaniſhed and paſt;
That Roſie-bluſh, lapp'd in a Lilly-vale,
Now with the Morphew ouer-growne, & pale.
And downe my cheekes, with ſhowers of ſwelling teares,
Remaine the furrowes that continuance weares,
And in the circles of my withered eyes,
In aged wrinckles beautie buried lyes:
And in my grace, my preſence, ieſture, cheere,
Ruine, diſtreſſe, woe, anguiſh, dooth appeare.
That breſt, that hand, that cheeke, that eye, that brow,
Faded, decayed, fallen, darkned, wrinckled now:
Such was my beautie once, now is it ſuch,
Once thought moſt rare, now altred more then much:
Nor I regard all that thou canſt proteſt,
My vowe is taken, I a Nunne profeſt.
This *Veſtall* habite doth content me more
Then all the robes that yet I euer wore.
Had *Roſamand*, (a recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our Cloiſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beautie with a holy vale,
vvhich ſhee (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
Shee need not like an vgly Minataur,
Haue been lock'd vp from iealious *Ellinor*,
But beene as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy Father ſubiect to all tongues.
To ſhadow ſinne, might can the moſt pretend,
Kings, but the conſcience, all things can defend.

A ſtronger hand reſtraines our wilfull powers,
A will muſt rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine deſires doe wooe
For vertues ſake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my Father choſe to liue exild,
Before his eyes ſhould ſee my youth defild?
And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Towers and Caſtles razd with fire:
Yet neuer tuch'd with griefe, ſo onely I,
Exempt from ſhame might with true honour die.
And ſhall this iewell which ſo deerely coſt,
Now after all, by my diſhonour loſt?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my ſoule too deepe impreſsion beares:
No, no, his fare-well at his laſt depart,
More deepely is engrauen in my hart,
Nor ſhall that blot, by mee his name ſhall haue,
Bring his gray haires with ſorrow to his graue,
Rather with pitty weepe vpon my Tombe,
Then for my birth to curſe my mothers wombe.
Though *Dunmowe* giue no refuge heere at all,
Dunmowe can giue my body buriall.
If all remorceleſſe, no teare-ſhedding eye,
My ſelfe will moane my ſelfe; ſo liue, ſo die.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle, containeth no particuler poynts of hiſtorie, more then the generallity of the argument layeth open, for after the baniſhment of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluſe at Dunmowe, (from whence this reply is imagined to bee written,) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſute,

Matilda

Matilda with this chaſt & conſtant deniall, hopeth yet at length to find ſome comfortable remedy, and to rid herſelfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this monaſticke habite, and to ſhew that ſhee ſtill beareth in minde his former crueltie, bred by the impatience of his luſt, ſhe remembreth him of her fathers baniſhment, & the lawleſſe exile of her alies and friends.

Dooſt thou of Father and of friends depriue mee?

Then complayning of her diſtreſſe, that flying thether, thinking there to finde releefe, ſhe ſees herſelfe moſt aſſayld where ſhe hoped to haue found moſt ſafetie.

Alas, and fled I hether from my foe,
That &c.

After againe, ſtanding vpon the preciſe poynts of conſcience, not to caſt off this habite ſhe had taken,

My vowe is taken, I a Nunne profeſt.

And at laſt laying open more particulerly the miſeries ſuſtained by her Father in England, the burning of his Caſtles and houſes, which ſhe proueth to be for her ſake: as reſpecting onely her honour, more then his natiue country and his owne fortunes.

And to withſtand a Tyrants lewde deſire,
Beheld his Towers and Caſtels ſet on fire.

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution,

Though Dunmow *giue no refuge heere at all,*
Dunmow *can giue my body buriall.*

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Lady, the Lady *Anne Harrington*: wife to the honourable Gentleman, Sir Iohn Harrington, Knight.

MY singuler good Lady: your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gracious fauours to my vnworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in mee, which before I knew you, I onely sawe by the light of other mens iudgements. Honour seated in your breast, findes herselfe adorned as in a rich pallace, maki[illegible]it which makes her admirable: which like the sunne (from thence) begetteth most precious things of this earthly World, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is best discerned by the worthie, deiected mindes want that pure fire which should giue vigor to vertue. I refer to your owne great thoughts, (the vnpartiall Iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honorable seruice: and so rest your Ladiships humbly at commaund.

Michaell Drayton.

Queene *Isabell* to *Mortimer*.

* The Argument.

Queene Isabell, (*the wife of* Edward *the seconde, called* Edward Carnaruan,) *being the daughter of* Phillip le Beau, *King of Fraunce, forsaken by the King her husband, who delighted onely in the company of* Piers Gaueston, *his minion and fauorite: and after his death seduced by the euill counsaile of the* Spensers. *This Queene thus left by her husband, euen in the glory of her youth, dreive into her especiall fauour* Roger Mortimer, *Lorde of VVigmore: a man of a mightie and inuinsible spirit. This Lord* Mortimer *rising in Armes against the King, with* Thomas *Earle of Lancaster and the Barrons, was taken ere hee could gather his power, and by the King committed to the Tower of London. During his imprisonment, he ordained a feast in honor of his birth-day, to which he inuited Sir* Stephen Segraue, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and the rest of the officers, where by meanes of a drinke prepared him by the Queene, hee cast them all into a heauie sleepe, and with ladders of cordes beeing ready prepared for the purpose, hee escapeth, and flyeth into Fraunce: whether shee sendeth this Epistle, complayning her owne misfortunes, and greatly reioycing at his safe escape.*

THough such sweet comfert comes not now from her
As Englands Queene hath sent to *Mortimer*,
Yet what that wants, which might my power approue,
If lines can bring, this shall supply with loue.

Mee

Mee thinks affliction should not fright mee so,
Nor should resume these sundry shapes of wo:
But when I faine would finde the cause of this,
Thy absence shewes mee where the error is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad sorrow then possesseth euery sence,
But finding thy deere blood preseru'd thereby,
And in thy life, my long-wish'd libertie,
vvith that sweet thought my selfe I onely please,
Amid'st my griefe; which sometimes giues me ease,
Thus doe extreamest ills a ioy possesse,
And one woe makes another woe seeme lesse.
That blessed night, that mild-aspected howre,
VVherein thou mad'st escape out of the Towre,
Shall consecrated euer-more remaine:
VVhat gentle Planet in that howre did raigne;
And shall be happy in the birth of men,
vvhich was chiefe Lord of the Ascendant then.
Oh, how I fear'd that sleepie iuyce I sent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent;
Or that some vnseene misterie might lurke,
VVhich wanting order, kindly should not worke:
Oft did I wish, those dreadfull poysoned lees
That clos'd the euer-waking Dragons eyes,
Or I had had those sence-bereauing stalkes
That grow in shadie *Proserpines* darke walkes;
Or those blacke weedes on *Lethe* bankes below,
Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow:
Oft did I feare thys moyst and foggie Clime,
Or that the earth, waxt barraine nowe with time
Should not haue hearbes to helpe me in this case,
Such as doe thriue on Indias parched face.
That morrow, when the blessed sunne did rise,

And shut the lidds of all heauens lesser eyes,
Forth from my Pallace by a secret staire
I steale to Thames, as though to take the ayre;
And aske the gentle flood as it did glide,
Or thou didst passe? or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the streame
To lay thee softly on her siluer teame,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,
That with her teares, thou might'st haue some teares more.
VVhen suddainly doth rise a rougher gale,
vvith that (me thinks) the troubled waues looke pale,
And sighing, with that little gust that blowes,
vvith this remembrance seemes to knit her browes.
Euen as this suddaine passion doth affright mee,
The cheerfull sunne breakes from a clowde to light mee;
Then doth the bottom euident appeare,
As it would tell mee, that thou wast not there,
VVhen as the water, flowing where I stand,
Doth seeme to tell mee, thou art safe on land.
Did Bulloyne once a festiuall prepare
For England, Almaine, Cicile, and Nauarre?
VVhen Fraunce enuied those buildings (onely blest)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my bridall feast,
That English *Edward* should refuse my bed
For that incestuous, shameless *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To set that girle-boy, wanton *Gauestone*.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glasse assures me no such difference is,
That a foule witches bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
VVhat doth auaile vs to be Princes heires,
vvhen we can boast our birth is onely theirs?

VVhen

VVhen baſe, diſſembling flatterers ſhall deceaue vs,
Of all our famous Auncestors did leaue vs:
And of our princely iewels and our dowers,
vvee but enioy the leaſt of what is ours;
when Minions heads muſt weare our Monarches crownes,
To raiſe vp dunghills with our famous townes:
VVhen beggers-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
And ſore aloft, impt with our Eagles plumes;
And ioynd with the braue iſſue of our blood,
Alie the kingdome to theyr crauand brood.
Did *Longſhanks* purchaſe with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That young *Carnaruan* (his vnhappy ſonne)
Should giue away all that his Father wonne?
To backe a ſtranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue alies, and branches of the crowne?
And did great *Edward*, on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterward ſhould liue,
That, that proude *Gaſcoyne*, baniſhed the land,
No more ſhould tread vppon the Engliſh ſand?
And haue theſe great Lords in the quarrell ſtood,
And ſeald his laſt will with their deereſt blood,
That after all this fearefull maſſaker,
The fall of *Beuchamp*, *Laſey*, *Lancaſter*,
Another faithleſſe fauorite ſhould ariſe
To cloude the ſunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gaueſtons* great fall,
That nowe a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceede in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
vvhich in his place and Empire ſhould ſucceed;
That wanting one, a kingdoms wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, thys now ſhould make an end:
To waſt all that our father wonne before,

Nor leaue oursorine a sword to conquer more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe resist,
vvhere power can doe (euen) all things as it list,
And with vniust men to debate of lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cause:
VVhilst parliaments must still redresse their wrongs,
And we must starue for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fuell to theyr fond excesse,
And we must fast, to feast their wantonnesse.
Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To moue our Brother to religious warre?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all accur, to put backe all excuse.
The Sisters wrong, ioyn'd with the Brothers right,
Me thinks might vrge him in this cause to fight.
Be all those people senceless of our harmes
vvhich for our Country oft haue manag'd Armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Brittons lost the vse of shot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and stout Brabanders,
Their warlike Pykes, and sharp-edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let theyr Crosbowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of olde Thessalie?
Or if a valiant Leader be theyr lack,
vvhere thou art present, who should driue them back?
I doe coniure thee by what is most derre,
By that great Name of famous *Mortimer*,
By auncient *Vvigmors* honourable Crest,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandsires rest;
Or if then these, what more may thee approue,
Euen by those vowes of thy vnfained loue,

That

That thy great hopes may moue the Christian King,
By forraine Armes some comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of Traytors that rebell
Against the right of princely *Isabell*.
Vaine witlesse woman, why should I desire
To adde more spleene to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pyllars of thine owne estate,
VVhen what soeuer we intend to doe,
To our misfortune euer sorts vnto;
And nothing els remaines for vs beside,
But teares and Cofins onely to prouide,
VVhen still so long as *Burrough* beares that name
Time shall not blot out our deserued shame;
And whilst cleere Trent her wonted course shall keepe,
For our sad fall, her christall drops shall weepe.
All see our ruine on our backs is throwne,
And to our selues our sorrowes are our owne,
And *Tarlton* now whose counsell should direct
The first of all, is slaundred with suspect:
For dangerous things dissembled fildome are
vvhich many eyes attend with busie care.
VVhat should I say? my griefes doe still renew,
And but begin when I should bid adiew,
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And still I staie, the more I striue to goe.
As accents issue forth, griefes enter in,
And where I end, mee thinks I but begin:
Then till faire tyme some greater good affords,
Take my loues payment in these ayrie words.

Notes of the Chronicle historie.

O how I feard that sleepie drinke I sent
Might yet want power to further thine intent.

MOrtimer beeing in the Tower, and ordayning a feast, in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended: and inuiting there-vnto Sir *Stephen Segraue* Constable of the Tower, with the rest of the officers belonging to the same, hee gaue them a sleepie drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes hee got libertie for his escape.

I steale to Thames, as though to take the ayre,
And aske the gentle streame as it doth glide,

Mortimer being gotte out of the Tower, swamme the riuer of Thames into Kent, whereof shee hauing intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three yeeres.

Did Bulloyne once a festiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicile, and Nauarre?

Edward Carnaruan, the first prince of Wales of the English blood, married *Isabell*, daughter of *Phillip* the faire, at Bulloyne, in the presence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicile, with the chiefe Nobilitie of Fraunce and Englande, which marriage vvas there solemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To set that girle-boy, wanton Gaueston.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonnes of *Gaueston* the Kings Minion; his behauiour and attire euer so womanlike, to please the eye of his lasciuious Prince.

That a foule witches bastard should thereby,

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobilitie, in the disgrace of *Piers Gaueston*, that his mother was conuicted of witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that *Piers* had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland so called of *Albanact*, the seconde sonne of *Brutus*, and Cambria, Wales, so called of *Camber* the third sonne, the foure Realmes and Countries, brought in subiection by *Edward Longshanks*.

When of our Princely iewells, and our dowers,
We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours.

A complaynt of the prodigalitie of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueſton* the iewells & treaſure which was left him by the auncient Kings of England; and enriching him with the goodly Manor of Wallingforde, aſsigned as parcell of the dower, to the Queenes of this famous Ile.

And ioynd with the braue iſſue of our blood,
Alie our kingdome to theyr crauand brood.

Edward the ſecond, gaue to *Piers Gaueſton* in marriage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloceſter, begot of the Kinges ſiſter, *Ioane* of Acres, married to the ſaid Earle of Gloſter.

Should giue away all that his Father wonne
To backe a ſtranger:

King *Edward* offered his right in Fraunce to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert Bruſe*, to bee ayded againſt the Barrons, in the quarrell of *Piers Gaueſton*.

And did great Edward on his death-bed giue

Edward Longſhanks on his death-bed at Carlile, commaunded young *Edward* his ſonne on his bleſsing, not to call backe *Gaueſton*, which (for the miſguiding of the Princes youth) was before baniſhed by the whole counſell of the land.

That after all this fearefull maſſaker,
The fall of Beuchamp, Laſey, Lancaſter.

Thomas, Earle of Lancaſter, *Guy*, Earle of VVarwicke, & *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken theyr oathes before the deceaſſed King at his death, to withſtand his ſonne *Edward* if he ſhould call *Gaueſton* from exile, beeing a thing which hee much feared: now ſeeing *Edward* to violate his Fathers commaundement, riſe in Armes againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the ciuile war, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaueſtons *great fall,*
That nowe a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the Father & the ſonne, after the death of *Gaueſton*, became the great fauorites of the King, the ſonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the Father Earle of Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet Edward *doth detaine*
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Longshanks, did homage for those Cities and territories to the French King, which *Edward* the second neglecting, moued the French King, by the subbornation of *Mortimer*, to ceaze those Countries into his hands.

By auncient Wigmors *honourable Creſt.*

Wigmore in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious familie.

That ſtill ſo long as Borrough *beares that name,*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrowe giuen to the Barrons, by *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of Carlill, at Borrough bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

And Torlton *now, whoſe counſells ſhould direct,*

Thys was *Adam Torlton*, biſhop of Herford, that great polititian, who ſo highly fauoured the faction of the Queene and *Mortimer*, whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.

Mortimer to Queene *Iſabell.*

AS thy ſaluts my ſorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their intereſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great bountie (I confeſſe)
As thy heroicke princely lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didſt me once repriue,
Now in exile, my hopes thou dooſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,

And

And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to mee; I giue it backe to you;
Nere my eſcape had, I aduentur'd thus,
As did the skye-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafetie to my flight,
Haue made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the proude aſpyring wall,
vvhich held without, my hopes, within, my fall,
Leauing the cordes to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon,
But that thy beautie, (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the ſunne of thy celeſtiall eyes,
vvith fiery wings made paſſage through the skyes.
The heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend mee for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt her tide, to make me way to goe,
As thou had'ſt charg'd her that it ſhould be ſo,
The hollow murmuring winds their due time kept;
As they had rock'd the world, whilſt all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue mee,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue mee;
The briſling Reedes, mou'd with the ayre, did chide mee,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide mee.
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauie cheere,
And would not let one little ſtarre appeare,
But ouer all, her ſmoakie mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled vp the world;
And the pure ayre became ſo calme and ſtill
As it had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing diſpoſd vnto my reſt,
As when one Seas the *Alcion* builds her neſt.

And those rough waues which late with furie rusht,
Slide smoothlie on, and suddainly are husht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his surges out so long
As Nature is in bringing forth her yong;
Nor let the *Spensers* glory in my chaunce
That thus I liue an exile now in Fraunce;
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me:
More were her want, Fraunce our great blood shold beare,
Then Englands losse should be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandsire was the first since *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table lastly did ordaine;
To whose great Court at Kenelworth did come
The peerlesse knighthood of all Christendome:
VVhose princely order, honoured England more
Then all the conquests shee atchiu'd before.
Neuer durst Scot set foote on English ground,
Nor on his backe did English beare a wound,
vvhilst *VVigmore* flourisht in our princely hopes,
And whilst our Ensigne march'd with *Edwards* troupes:
VVhilst famous *Longshanks* bones (in Fortunes scorne)
As sacred reliques to the fielde were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant English doubt,
VVhilst our braue battailes guarded them about.
Nor did our wiues and wofull mothers mourne
The English blood that stained *Bannocksburn*,
VVhilst with his Minions sporting in his Tent,
VVhole dayes and nights in banquetting were spent:
Vntill the Scots (which vnder safeguard stoode)
Made lauish hauock of the English blood;
And battered helmes lay scattered on the shore,
vvhere they in conquest had beene borne before.
A thousand kingdoms will we seeke from farre,

As many Nations waſt with ciuill warre,
vvhere the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-nymphe ſings,
Or well-rigd ſhyps ſhall ſtretch theyr ſwelling wings,
And dragge theyr Ankors through the ſandie ſoame,
About the world in euery Clime to roame,
And thoſe vnchriſtned Countries call our owne,
vvhere ſcarce the name of England hath been knowne;
And in the Dead-ſea ſinck our houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our Name,
Before foule black-mouth'd infamie ſhall ſing
That *Mortimer* ere ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd Furie backe,
To ſeeke his ſpoyle, who ſought our vtter ſack:
And come to beard him in our natiue Ile,
Ere hee march forth to follow our exile.
And after all theſe boyſtrous ſtormie ſhocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie Rocks.
Nor will we come like Pyrats, or like theeues,
From mountaine Forreſts, or ſea-bordering Cleeues,
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field aduaunce our plumie Creſt,
And march vpon faire Englands flowrie breſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewie treſſes on her brim,
Shall beare my Nauy; vaunting in her pryde,
Falling from Tanet with the powerfull tyde;
VVhich fertile Eſſex, and faire Kent ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flagges along the pleaſant lee,
VVhen on her ſtemming poopes ſhe proudly beares
The famous Enſignes of the Belgicke Peeres.
And for the hatefull ſacriligious ſin
VVhich by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,

The Cannon text ſhall haue a common gloſſe,
Receits in parcels, ſhall be paide in groſſe.
This doctrine preach'd, *vvho frum the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall trebble reſtitution make:
For which Rome ſends her curſes out from farre,
Through the ſterne throate of terror-breathing warre,
Till to th'vnpeopled ſhore ſhee brings ſupplies
Of thoſe induſtrious Romaine Colonies.
And for his homage, by the which of old
Proude *Edward* Guyne and Aquitane doth hold,
Charles by inuaſiue Armes againe ſhall take,
And ſend the Engliſh forces o're the Lake;
vvhen *Edwards* fortune ſtands vpon this chaunce,
To looſe in England, or expuld from Fraunce;
And all thoſe townes great *Longſhanks* left his ſonne,
Now loſt againe, which once his Father wonne.
VVithin their ſtrong Perculliſd Ports ſhall lie,
And from theyr walls his ſieges ſhall defie.
And by that firme and vndiſſolued knot,
Betwixt the neighbouring French, and bordering Scot,
Bruſe nowe ſhall bring his Redſhanks from the ſeas,
From th'Iled Orcad's, and the Hebrydes,
And to his VVeſterne Hauens gyue free paſſe,
To land the warlike Iriſh *Galiglaſſe*:
Marching from Tweed to ſwelling Humber ſands,
vvaſting along the Northern nether-lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his power ſuſtaine,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloodie raigne,
Our warlike ſword ſhall driue him from his throne,
vvhere hee ſhall lye for vs to tread vpon:
And thoſe great Lords, now after theyr attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints;
And by the ſuperſtitious people, thought,

That

That by theyr Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that flood much vertue doth retaine,
vvhich tooke the blood of famous *Bohun* slaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhorre theyr King,
Nor shall a *Spenser* (be he nere so great)
Possesse our VVigmore, our renowned seate.
To raze the auncient Trophies of our race,
vvith our deserts theyr monuments to grace;
Nor shall he lead our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spensers* famous in the North:
Nor be the Gardants of the Brittish pales,
Defending England, and preseruing VVales.
At first our troubles seemed calme enough,
But now are growne more boyst'rous and more tough,
vvith graueſt counsell all must be directed,
vvhere plaineſt shewes are openly suspected;
For where mishaps our errors doth assault,
There doth it easileſt make vs see our fault.
Then (sweet) represse all fond and wilfull spleene,
Two things to be a woman, and a Queene:
Keepe close the cyndars, least the fire should burne,
It is not this which yet must serue our turne.
And if I doe not much mistake the thing,
The next supply shall greater comfort bring;
Till when, I leaue my Princesse for a while,
Liue thou in rest, though I liue in exile.

Notes of the Chronicle historie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death.

ROger *Mortimer*, Lord of Wigmore, had stood publiquely condemned, for his insurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster,

and

and *Bohun* Earle of Herford, by the ſpace of three months; and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue beene ſhortly after, which he preuented by his eſcape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the Qeene (by meanes of *Torlton* Biſhop of Herford, and *Becke* Biſhop of Dureſme and Patriarck of Ieruſalem, beeing then both mightie in the ſtate, vpon the ſubmiſsion of the *Mortimers*, ſomewhat pacified the King, and nowe ſecondly ſhee wrought meanes for his eſcape.

Leauing the cordes to tell where I had gone.

With ſtrong ladders made of cordes prouided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower, which when the ſame vvere found faſtened to the walls, in ſuch a deſperate attempt they bred aſtoniſhment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spenſers *glory in my chaunce,*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the Father and the ſonne, then beeing ſo highly fauoured of the King, knew that theyr greateſt ſafety came by his exile, whoſe high and turbulent ſpirit, could neuer brooke any corriuall in greatnes.

My Grandſire was the firſt ſince Arthurs *raigne,*
That the Round-table laſtly did ordaine.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lorde *Mortimer*, Grandfather to this *Roger*, which was afterward the firſt Earle of March, reerected againe the Round-table at Kenelworth, after the auncient order of King *Arthurs* table, with the retinue of a hundred knights and a hundred Ladies in his houſe, for the entertaining of ſuch aduentures as came thether from all parts of Chriſtendome.

Whilſt famous Longſhanks *bones in fortunes ſcorne.*

Edward Longſhanks willed at his death, that his body ſhould bee boyled the fleſh from the bones, & that the bones ſhould be borne to the warres in Scotlande, which hee was perſwaded vnto by a prophecie, which told that the Engliſh ſhould ſtill be fortunate in conqueſt, ſo long as his bones were carried in the field.

The Engliſh blood that ſtained Banocksburne.

In the great voyage *Edward* the ſecond made againſt the Scots, at the battell at Striueling, neere vnto the riuer of Banocksburne,

in

in Scotland, where there was in the Englisſh Campe ſuch banquetting & exceſſe, ſuch riot and miſorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the Engliſh a great and fearefull ouerthrowe.

And in the Dead-ſea, ſincke our houſes fame,
From whoſe &c.

Mortimer ſo called of *Mare Mortuum*, & in French, *Mort mer*: in Engliſh the *Dead ſea*, which is ſayd to be, where Sodome and Gomorra once were, before they were deſtroyed by fire frō heauen.

And for that hateſull ſacriligious ſinne,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,

Gauſtelinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinalls, ſent into England from Pope *Clement*, to appeaſe the auncient hate betweene the King & *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, to whoſe Embaſsie the King ſeemed to yeeld vnto, but after theyr departure he went backe from his promiſes, for which he was accurſed at Rome.

Of thoſe induſtrious Romaine Colonies.

A Colonie is a ſort or number of people, that came to inhabite a place before not inhabited, whereby he ſeemeth here to prophecie of the ſubuerſion of the Lande; the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes, againſt *Edward* for the breach of his promiſe.

Charles *by inuaſiue Armes againe ſhall take,*

Charles the French King, mooued by the wrong done vnto his ſiſter, ceazeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England, into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who ſolicited her cauſe in Fraunce, as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the Gloſſe vpon this poynt.

And thoſe great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints.

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter at Pomfret, the the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques: as they did of the body of *Bohun* Earle of Herford, ſlaine at Borough bridge.

FINIS.

¶ To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord, *Edward* Earle of Bedford.

THrice noble and my gracious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, *and to the honourable familie of the* Harringtons, *to the which by marriage your Lordship is happily vnited, hath long since deuoted my true and zealous affection to your honourable seruice, and my Poems to the protection of my noble Lady, your Countesse: to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplished Gentleman, Sir* Henry Goodere *(not long since deceased,) whose I was whilst he was: whose patience, pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstaied youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentleman, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had been by his death left a poore Orphane to the Worlde, had hee not before bequeathed it to that Lady whom he so deerly loued. Vouchsafe then my deere Lord to accept this Epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be Witnes of my loue towards your honour.*

Your Lordships euer,

Michaell Drayton.

Queene *Isabell* to *Richard* the *second*.

✻ The Argument.

Queene Isabell (*the daughter of* Charles *king of Fraunce*) *being the second wife of* Richard *the second, the sonne of* Edward *the blacke Prince, the eldest sonne of King* Edward *the third: After the said* Richard *her husband was deposed from his crowne and kingly dignitie, by* Henry *Duke of Herford, the eldest sonne of* Iohn of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of* Edward *the third, this Lady beeing then very young, was sent backe againe into Fraunce, without dowre, at what time the deposed King her husband was sent from the Tower of London (as a prisoner) vnto Pomfret Castle. VVhether this poore Lady, bewayling her husbands misfortunes, writeth this Epistle from Fraunce.*

AS doth the yeerely *Augur* of the spring
In depth of woe, thus I my sorrow sing;
VVords tun'd with sighs, teares falling oft among,
A dolefull burthen to a heauie song;
VVords issue forth to finde my griefe some way,
Teares ouer-take them, and doe bid them stay:
Thus whilst one striues, to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too slack.
O how I flatter griefe, and doe intreate it,
Griefe flatters me, so oft as I repeate it.

And to it ſelfe hath ſorrow chang'd mee ſo,
That woe is turn'd to mee, I turn'd to woe.
If fatall Pomfret, hath in former times,
Nouriſh'd the griefe begot in hoter Clymes,
Thether I ſend my woes, there to be fed,
But where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred;
They vnto Fraunce be aliens, and vnknowne,
England from her, doth challenge theſe her owne.
They ſay, all miſchife commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
And where bleake winters ſtormes do euer rage,
There ſhould my ſighes finde ſureſt anchorage,
Except that breeme ayre holds the Northerne part,
Doe freeſe that *Aetna*, which ſo burnes my hart.
But why ſhould I thus limmit griefe a place,
vvhen all the world is fild with our diſgrace?
And we in bounds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more abounds, the more we doe reſtraine it.
O how euen yet, I hate my loathed eyes,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faythleſſe ſpyes,
That were ſo hapleſſe, with one louing looke,
To grace that Traytour, periur'd *Bullenbrooke*;
But that of ſence, ioy had all ſence bereau'd,
They neuer ſhould haue beene ſo much deceau'd.
Proude was the Courſer which my Lord beſtrid,
vvhen *Richard* like his conquering Grandſire rid,
For all the world, in euery looke alike
The Roſie Ilands in his Lilly cheeke;
His ſilken Amber curles ſo would he tie,
So carried he his princely Eagle eye:
From top to toe, his like in euery lim,
All looke on *Edward*, that did looke on him.
The perfit patterne Nature choſe alone,

VVhen at the firſt ſhee fram'd proportion,
Reſeru'd till then, that all the world ſhould view it,
And praiſe th'inſample by the which ſhe drew it;
O let that day be guiltie of all ſin,
That is to come, or euer yet hath bin,
VVherein great *Norfolks* forward courſe was ſtaid,
To proue the treaſons he to *Herford* layd.
VVhen with ſterne furie, both theſe Dukes enrag'd,
Their gauntlets then at Couentry engag'd,
vvhen firſt thou didſt repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray*, as thy Combatant,
From tymes vnnumbred howers, let time deuide it,
Leaſt in his minutes, he ſhould hap to hide it:
Yet on his browes let wrinckled age ſtill beare it,
That when it comes, all other howers may feare it,
And all ill-boading Planets, by conſent,
That day may hold their wicked parliament;
And in heauens large Decrees, enrole it thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpitious,
For then ſhould he, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbrays* valiant hand haue died:
Nor ſhould not nowe from baniſhment retire,
The fatall brand to ſet our Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needy ſtate?
A vagabond, and ſtragling runnagate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant exile, this abiected *Caine*:
That with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brands of ten yeeres baniſhment.
VVhen thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th'applauding ecchoes ring
The ioyfull ſhouts that did ſalute a King;

Thou went'ſt victorious, crown'd, in triumph borne,
But cam'ſt ſubdu'd, vncrown'd, and laugh'd to ſcorne;
And all thoſe tongues which tit'led thee theyr Lord,
Grace *Henries* glorious ſtile with that great word;
And all thoſe eyes dyd with thy courſe aſcend,
Now all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like ſunnes) be euermore in ſight,
All ſee the clowdes which doe eclipſe their light;
Yet they which lighten all downe from their skyes,
See not the clowdes offending others eyes,
And deeme their noone-tide is deſir'd of all,
VVhen all expect cleere changes by theyr fall.
VVhat colour ſeemes to ſhadow *Herfords* claime,
vvhen law and right his Fathers hopes doth maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no hate)
That *Iohn of Gaunt*, was illigittimate:
vvhom his reputed mothers tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe Flemiſh Boore to be begot,
vvhom *Edwards* Eglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the ſun.
VVhere lawfull right and conqueſt doth allow,
A triple crowne on *Richards* princely brow,
Three kingly Lyons beares his bloody field,
No baſtards marke doth blot his conquering ſhield;
Neuer durſt he attempt our hapleſſe ſhore,
Nor ſet his foote on ſatall Rauenſpore;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulks approch the ſtrand,
Nor ſtoop'd a top as ſignall to the Land,
Had not the *Percyes* promiſd ayde to bring,
Againſt theyr oath vnto theyr lawfull King;
Againſt theyr fayth vnto our Crownes true heyre,
Theyr valiant kinſman, *Edmond Mortimer*.
VVhen I to England came, a world of eyes

vvere there attending on my fayre ariſe;
vvhen I came back, thoſe fatall Plannets frowne,
And all are ſet before my going downe;
The ſmooth-fac'd Ayre did on my comming ſmile,
But with rough ſtormes are driuen to exile:
But *Bullenbrooke* deuiſd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two ſorrowes ſhould poſſeſſe one hart;
That we ſhould thus complaine our griefes alone,
Leaſt one ſhould liue in two, two liue in one;
Inflicting woe, and yet doth vs denie
But that poore ioy is found in miſerie.
Hee hath before diuors'd thy Crowne and thee,
vvhich might ſuffice, and not to widdow mee;
Nor will one place our pouertie containe,
vvhich in our pompe, both in one bed haue laine:
VVhich is to proue (the greatnes of his hate)
How much our fall, exceedeth our eſtate.
VVhen England firſt obtaind mee by thy loue;
Nor did a kingdome my affection moue,
Before a Crownes ſad cares I yet did try,
Nor thought of Empire, but loues Emperie;
Before I learn'd to ſooth a publique vaine,
And onely thought, to loue, had been to raigne.
I would to God that princely *Anne of Beame*,
Might ſtill haue worne the Engliſh Diademe,
That ſhee whoſe youth firſt deck'd thy bridall bed,
Had kept that fatall wreath vppon her head;
VVould God ſhee ſtill might haue enioy'd her roome,
Poſſeſt my throne, and I haue had her Toombe:
Or would *Aumerle* had ſunck when he betrayd,
The complot which that holy Abbot layd;
VVhen he infring'd the oath which he firſt tooke,
To end that proude vſurping *Bullenbrooke*,

And been the ranſome of our friends deere blood,
Vntimelie loſt, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely mourne our hard eſtate,
They dead too ſoone, and we doe liue too late.
Death ſeuers them, and life doth vs incloſe,
Their helpe decreaſed, doth augment our woes;
And though with teares I from my loue depart,
This curſe on *Herford* fall to eaſe my hart;
If the foule breach of a chaſt lawfull bed,
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head.
If murthers guilt with blood may deeply ſtaine,
Greene, *Scroope*, and *Buſhie*, die his fault in graine:
If periurie may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy curſe condemne him, if no other thing;
If theſe diſioyn'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited, ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Percies*, heauen yet heare my prayer,
That *Bullenbrooke*, now plac'd in *Richards* chayre,
Such cauſe of woe vnto their wiues may bee,
As thoſe rebellious Lords haue been to mee.
And that proude Dame which now controleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
vvith as ſalt teares as I haue done for mine:
And mourne for *Henry Hote-ſpurre*, her deere ſonne,
As I for my ſweet *Mortymer* haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then looſe thy care, where firſt thy crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo deerely, for it deerely coſt;
And ſith they did of libertie depriue thee,

Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
vvhen woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much (mee thinks) of comfort I could ſay,
If from my hart pale feare were rid away;
Some-thing there is, which tells mee ſtill of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know,
Griefe to it ſelfe, moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was ſorrow voyde of feare;
But yet in death doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And with this farewell wiſh thee happy reſt.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

If fatall Pomfret hath in former times,

POmfret Caſtle euer a fatall place to the Princes of England, & moſt ominous to the blood of *Plantaginet*.

O how euer yet I hate my lothed eyes,
And in my glaſſe, &c.

When *Bullenbrooke* returned to England from the Weſt, bringing *Richard* a priſoner with him, the Queene, who little knewe of her husbands hard ſucceſſe, ſtayd to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue ſeene her husband thus led in triumph by his foe, and now ſeeming to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortall enemie.

Wherein great Norfolkes *forward courſe was ſtaid,*

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes, of Herford and Norfolke at Couentry, vrging the iuſtnes of *Mowbrayes* quarrell againſt the Duke of Herforde, and the faithfull aſſurance of his victory.

Oh why did Charles *releeue his needy ſtate?*
A vagabond, &c.

Charles the French King her father, receiued the Duke of Her-

ford into his Court, and releeu'd him in Fraunce, being ſo neerly alied, as Coſin german to King *Richard* his ſonne in Lawe, which hee did ſimply, little thinking that hee ſhoulde after returne into England, and diſpoſſeſſe King *Richard* of the crowne.

When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt fare-well,

King *Richard* made a voyage with his Armie into Ireland, againſt *Onell* and *Macke mur* which rebelled, at what time *Henry* entred heere at home, and rob'd him of all kingly dignitie.

Aſſirm'd by Church-men, (which ſhould beare no hate)
That Iohn of Gaunt *was illigitimate.*

William Wickham, in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn of Gaunt* & the Clergie, of meere ſpight and mallice (as it ſhould ſeeme) reported that the Queene confeſſed to him on her death-bed, being then her Confeſſor, that *Iohn of Gaunt* was the ſonne of a Flemming, & that ſhe was brought to bed of a woman child at Gaunt, which was ſmothered in the cradle by miſchance, and that ſhee obtained this child of a poore woman, making the King beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure. *Fox. ex Chron. Albani.*

No baſtards marke doth blot our conquering ſhield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the Crowne of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Againſt their fayth vnto the Crownes true heyre,
Theyr noble kinſman &c.

Edmond Mortimer Earle of March, ſonne of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was ſonne to Lady *Phillip* daughter to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to King *Edward* the third, which *Edmond*, (King *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaimed heyre apparant to the Crowne, whoſe Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lorde *Percie* had married.

I would to God, that princely Anne of Beame,

Richard the ſecond, his firſt wife was *Anne*, daughter to the K. of Beame, which liued not long with him, and after, hee married this *Iſabell*, daughter to *Charles*, King of Fraunce. This Princeſſe was very young, and not marriageable when ſhee came firſt into England.

O would Aumerle *had suncke when he betrayd*
The complot which that holy Abbot layd.

The Abbot of Westminster had plotted the death of King *Henry*, to haue beene doone at a Tylt at Oxford; of which confedracie there was, *Iohn Holland*, Duke of Excester, *Thomas Holland*, Duke of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, *Mountacute*, Earle of Salisbury, *Spenser* Earle of Gloster, the Bishop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, these all had bound themselues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayd by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, and *Bushie*, die his fault in graine,

Henry going towards the Castle of Flint, where King *Richard* was, caused *Scroope, Greene*, and *Bushie*, to be executed at Bristow as vile persons, which had seduced this King to this lasciuious & wicked life.

Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, hee tooke his oth at Doncaster vpon the Sacrament, not to clayme the crowne, or kingdome of England, but onely the dukedome of Lancaster, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hote-spurre, *her deere sonne,*
As I for my &c.

This was the braue couragious *Henry Hote-spurre*, that obtayned so many victories against the Scots, which after falling out right with the curse of Queene *Isabell*, was slaine by *Henry*, at the battaile at Shrewsburie.

Richard the ſecond to Queene *Iſabell.*

WHat canſt thou looke or hope for frō that hand,
which neither ſence nor reaſon could cōmand?
A kingdoms greatnes hardly can he ſway,
That wholſome counſaile did not firſt obay;
Ill did thys rude hand guide a ſcepter then,
Ill thys rude hand now gouerneth a pen;
How ſhould I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I haue loſt,
And of that name proude *Bullenbrooke* doth boaſt:
Neuer to haue beene, might ſome comfort bring,
But no woe is, to ſay, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tongue, which firſt denounc'd my kingly ſtate,
This abiect minde, which did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it,
Theſe all beare witnes, that I doe denie
All worldly hopes, all kingly maieſtie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy princely port,
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous waies,
Driuen by aukward winds, and boyſt'rous ſeas;
And lefts great *Burbon* for thy loue to mee,
VVho ſued in marriage to be linck'd to thee,

Offring for dower the Countries bordring nie,
Of fruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie,
Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receaue thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in thy ruine, and thy fortunes wracke,
Forſaken heere, to Fraunce to ſend thee back.
VVhen quiet ſleepe (the heauy harts releeſe)
Seales vp my ſences, ſome-what leſning greeſe,
My kingly greatnes vnto minde I call,
And thinke that I but dreamed of my fall;
VVith this conceite, my ſorrowes I beguile,
That my fayre Queene is but with-drawne a while,
And my attendants in ſome Chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperitie.
Calling aloude, and asking who is there,
The Eccho aunſwering, tells mee VVoe is there.
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
VVhich when my waking eyes preciſely view,
Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minuts as in one howre be,
So many howers each minute ſeemes to me;
Each howre a day, morne, euening, ſet, and riſe,
Each day a yeere, complet with miſeries,
A ſommer, winter, ſpring-time, and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying, yet vnſeaſoned all;
Hote griefes, cold cares, moyſt ſorrow, ſcorching hate,
Too long extreames, too ſhort a temperate;
Each yeere a world from golden ages paſt,
That haſteth on the yron times at laſt,
That from creation of all happy things,
A deſolution to my fortune brings;
Thys endleſſe woe, my thred of lyfe ſtill weares,

In minuts, howers, dayes, moneths, ages, yeres.
Ioy in the ſunne, that doe poſſeſſe the South,
For Pomfret ſtands here, in the Norths cold mouth;
There wanton Sommer lords it all the yeere,
Froſt-ſtarued VVinter doth inhabite heere;
A place wherein Diſpayre may fitly dwell,
For ſorrow beſt ſutes with a clowdy Cell.
Let *Herford* vaunt of our atchiuements done,
Of all the honours that great *Edward* wone,
Of famous Creſſy, where his keene ſword lopp'd,
The flowers of Fraunce, which all had ouer-topp'd;
And with thoſe fayre Delices, ſet the walke,
vvhere our emperious Engliſh Lyons ſtalke,
vvhich pluck'd thoſe Lillies, planted on thoſe ſtreames,
And ſet them heere, vpon the banks of Thames.
Now *Bullenbrooke*, our conquering Trophies beares,
Our glorious ſpoyles thys falſe *Vliſſes* weares,
And all the ſtory of our famous warre,
Muſt grace the Annalls of great Lancaſter.
Seauen goodly ſyens from one ſtocke begun,
Seauen liuely branches from one roote did run;
My princely Father was the ſtraighteſt ſtem
The faireſt bloſſome which adorned them;
VVhoſe precious buds began to ſpring ſo faire,
As ſoone they ſhew'd what fruit they meant to beare,
But I his graft and barraine trunke am growne,
And for a fruitleſſe water-bough am hewne,
From our braue Grandſire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the young'ſt of three:
But princely VVales, by me giues place to Gaunt,
Henry on *Richard* now predominant.
VVhen that vſurping baſtard-ſonne of Spayne,
Depoſed *Petro*, from his peacefull raigne.

My Father mou'd with the Caſtillians moane,
Pluck'd downe that proude aſpyring *Phaeton*:
And ere a Crowne had yet adorn'd his head,
A conquered King from Fraunce to England led.
A ſubiects hand my Crowne from mee hath torne,
And by a home-nurſt begger, ouer-borne.
Is valour hence with him to heauen fled?
Or in my barren breaſt decay'd and dead?
VVho for his vertue and his conqueſts ſake,
Poſteritie a demie God ſhall make:
And iudge this vile and abiect ſpirit of mine,
Could not proceede from temper ſo diuine.
VVhat earthly humor, or what vulgar eye,
Now lookes ſo low, as on my miſery?
VVhen *Bullenbrooke* is ſeated on our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
He bids, commaunds, he chooſeth, he elects,
Pardons, defends, he warrants, he protects;
Into our counſells he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but *Herford* with the multitudes?
Thus *Bullenbrooke* triumpheth in our fall,
And for their King reputed is of all.
His power diſgrades, his dreadfull frowne diſgraceth,
He throwes them downe, whō our aduauncement placeth;
As my diſable and vnworthy hand,
Could giue no ſoueraine title of commaund.
He treads our ſacred tables in the duſt,
And proues our acts of parliament vniuſt;
As though he hated that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a law, by *Richard* once was made.
VVhen *Herford* had his iudgement of exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while,
Saw I the loue, the zeale, the fayth, the care,

The Commons ſtill to pleaſing *Herford* bare;
Fond women, and ſcarce-ſpeaking chyldren mourne,
vveeping his parting, wiſhing his returne.
And was I forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd yeares,
vvhen they bedew'd his footſteps with theyr teares,
Yet could not ſee mine owne inſuing fall,
Not ſeeing that, which ſauing that, ſaw all.
Neuer our treaſure ſtuft with greater ſtore,
Neuer our ſtrength, neuer our power was more,
Neuer more large bounds to our Emperie,
Neuer more counſaile, wiſedome, policie:
Neuer did all ſo ſuddainly decline,
But iuſtice is the heauens, the fault is mine.
Kings pallaces ſtand open to let in,
The ſoothing Traytor, and the guide to ſin,
Many we haue in tryumphs to attend vs,
But few are left in perrill to defend vs;
Amongſt the moſt, the worſt we beſt can chuſe,
Tis eaſie to deſire, but hard to vſe.
Oh famous *Gloſter*, thou fore-ſaw'ſt my end,
The curſe that did my lawleſſe youth attend,
His death is newe, (and I in ſinne am old,)
vvho my deſtruction, (Prophet-like) fore-told;
And like *Laocan*, crying from his tower,
Foreſhow'd the horſe which hid the Grecian power.
Is this the thing for which we toyle and ſweat?
For which the great, doe kneele vnto the great?
Is thys the thing, in ſeeking to attaine,
All payne is pleaſure, and all loſſe is gaine?
Is thys the iewell which we prize ſo hie?
At heauen, at fame, at life, at libertie;
And vnto thys, in ſtriuing to aſpire,
Are we made ſlaues vnto our fond deſire?

Yet on ſteepe Icie banks heere ſtill we dwell,
And if we ſlip, our fall is into hell.
Sweet Queene, Ile take all counſell thou canſt giue,
So that thou bid me neither hope nor liue;
Counſell that comes when ill hath done his worſt,
Bleſſeth our ill, but makes our good accurſt.
Comfort is now vnpleaſing to mine eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care; my bed is now my Beere.
Since thus misfortune keepes vs heere ſo long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong,
VVe may in warre, ſome-time take truce with foes,
But in diſpaire, we cannot with our woes.
O let this name of *Richard* neuer die,
Yet ſtill be fatall to poſteritie;
And let a *Richard* from our line ariſe,
To be the ſcourge of many families,
And let the Crowne be fatall that he beares,
And wet with ſad lamenting mothers teares.
Thy curſe on *Percy*, heauen doth now preuent,
vvho hath not one curſe left, on me vnſpent,
To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich in plagues, as I in wealth am pore.
Then ceaſe (deere Queene) my ſorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pittie now to heale,
Age ſtealeth on whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My griefes be mortall, and infectious;
Yet better fortunes, thy faire youth may trie,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

This tongue which firſt denounc'd my kingly ſtate,

RIchard the ſecond, at the reſignation of the Crowne to his Coſin *Henry* in the Tower of London, at the deliuery of the ſame

with his owne hand, confeſſed himſelfe to be vnable to gouerne, denounced all kingly dignitie; ſo that hee might onely haue his life.

And left'ſt great Burbon *for thy loue to mee,*
Who ſued in marriage to be linck'd to thee.

Before the Princeſſe *Iſabell* was married to *Richard* the ſecond, *Lewes* Duke of Burbon ſued to haue had her in marriage, which it was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallne out in the meane time; this Duke of Burbon ſued againe to haue receiued her at her comming into Fraunce, after the impriſonment of King *Richard*, but King *Charles* her Father then croſt him as before, and gaue her to *Charles*, ſonne to the Duke of Orleance.

Let Herford *vaunt of our atchiuements done,*

Henry the eldeſt ſonne of *Iohn of Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaſter, which at the firſt was Earle of Darbie, then created Duke of Herford, but after the death of *Iohn of Gaunt* his Father, was Duke of Lancaſter, and Herford, Earle of Darby, Leiceſter, and Lincolne, and after he had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of *Henry* of Bullenbrooke, which is a towne in Lincolne ſhiere, as vſually all the Kings of England bare the name of the places where they were borne.

Of famous Creſſy, where his keene ſword lopp'd,
The flowers of Fraunce, which all had ouertopp'd.

Remembring the famous victory *Edward* the third their Grandfather obtained at Creſſy, where were almoſt ſlaine all the Nobilitie of Fraunce, where the Frenchmen loſt all their ancient glory.

And with their Flower-delices ſet the walke,
Where our &c.

Edward the third, by the conqueſt of Fraunce, ioyned the Lillies or Flower-delices, which is the Armes of Fraunce, with the Lyons, the Armes of England, which coate firſt came from Normandie by the Conquerer, remaining in the right of his poſſeſsion.

Seauen goodly ſyens from one ſtocke began,

Edward the third had ſeauen ſonnes, his eldeſt *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called the blacke Prince, *William* of Hatfielde his ſecond, *Lionell* Duke of Clarence the third, *Iohn of Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaſter the fourth, *Edmond* of Langley, Duke of Yorke the fift, *Thomas* of Woodſtocke Duke of Gloſter the ſixt, and *William*

of

of Windsore the seauenth.

My princely Father was the straightest stem.

Truely boasting himselfe, to bee the eldest sonne of the eldest Brother, which was *Edward* the blacke Prince.

Yet after Edward, Iohn *the youngst of three.*

By this disabling *Henry Bullenbrooke*, beeing the sonne but of a fourth brother, *William* & *Lionell* being both before *Iohn of Gaunt.*

When that vsurping bastard sonne of Spayne,

Noting the courage of his Father, which set *Petro* the King of Castile in his kingdome, when hee was expulsed by his bastard brother.

A conquered King from Fraunce to England led.

The blacke Prince tooke King *Iohn* of Fraunce prysoner, at the battaile of Poyctiers, and brought him into England, where hee dyed at the Sauoy.

And by a home-nurst begger ouer-borne.

By this reprouing his owne weakenes and cowardize, who had suffered himselfe to be expulsed his kingdome by a subiect, and one so much inferior to himselfe in greatnes.

And proues our acts of parliaments vniust.

In the first parliament that *Henry* called after *Richard* had resigned the Crowne, hee anihilated all the lawes that were made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the 20. yeere of King *Richards* raigne.

Saw I the loue, the zeale, the faith, the care,
The Commons still &c.

When the Combat shoulde haue beene at Couentry, betwixt *Henry* Duke of Herford, and *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke, the Cõmons mourned exceedingly, after they heard that Herford was adiuged by the King to be banished for tenne yeeres, so greatlie was he alwaies fauoured of the people.

And was I forc'd to abridge his banish'd yeeres,

When *Henry* Duke of Herford came to Eltham to take his leaue of King *Richard*, the King (to please the Commons rather then for any loue he bare to Herford,) plucked backe foure yeeres of his banishment.

O famous Gloſter, *thou fore-ſaw'ſt the end,*

Thomas of Woodſtocke, Duke of Gloſter, the Kings vnckle, who had oft reproued this youthfull Kings inſolence, was put to death at Callice, by the commaundement of this *Richard*, his vnnaturall kinſman.

And let a Richard *from our line ariſe,*

A prophecie of *Richard Crookebacke* the Tyrant, which after was the onely ſcourge and plague of both the houſes of Yorke & Lancaſter, and the death of many great Princes.

FINIS.

To

To the Right Honourable, the Lord *Henrie Howard.*

LEarned and noble Lord, custome and continuaunce haue sealed this priuiledge to Poetry, that (sometime) the light subiect of a laboured Poem, is graced with the title of a learned and iudiciall censor: your Lordship sufficiently knoweth what I but put you in remembrance off, your wisedome and experience know what hath beene most vsuall in the course of times: your iudgement makes me doubtfull, being what I am: your honor giues me some comfort, beeing what you are: Counsell is not euer conuersant with seueritie, and I know true vertue loueth, what is neuer so little like herselfe, howe vnseasoned so euer my rymes seeme to the worlde: I am pleased if you peruse them with patience. Thus wishing my lines may bee as acceptable as I desire, I leaue them to your learned censor.

Michaell Drayton.

Queene *Katherine* to *Owen Tudor*.

❋ The Argument.

After the death of that victorious Henry *the fift, Queene* Katherine, *the dowager of England and Fraunce, daughter to* Charles *the French King, holding her estate with* Henrie *her sonne, (then the sixt of that name,) falleth in loue with* Owen Tudor *a VVelchman, a braue and gallant Gentleman of the VVardrop to the young King her sonne: yet greatly fearing if her loue should be discouered, the Nobilitie would crosse her purposed marriage: or fearing, that if her faire and princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and great attempt, might (perhaps) daunt the forwardnesse of his modest and shamefast youth: Wherfore to breake the Ice to her intent, shee wryteth vnto him this Epistle following.*

I Vdge not a Princesse worth impeach'd hereby,
That loue thus tryumphs ouer maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royall hand,
vvhich now intreats, that wonted to commaund;
For in this sort, though humbly now it wooe,
The day hath beene, thou would'st haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke that this submission of my state,
Proceeds from frailtie, (rather iudge it fate)
Alcides nere more fit for loues sterne shock,
Then when for loue sate spinning at the Rock.

Neuer leſſe clowdes did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes ſhape when he couered him;
Ioues great commaund was neuer more obay'd,
Then when a Satyrs antick parts he play'd.
He was thy King, that ſued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene, that ſues for loue to thee.
VVhen *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now, was his,
vvhilſt yet thou art, what's *Henries*, *Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Onely in *Henry*, was my *Tudor* then,
Onely in *Tudor*, *Henry* now agen.
Henry woo'd mee whilſt warres did yet increaſe,
I wooe my *Tudor* now in calmeſt peace,
To win affection, hee did conqueſt proue,
And I on conqueſt doe make warre with loue:
Great *Henry* ſought t'accompliſh his deſire,
Armed with tempeſts, thunder-boults of fire,
As once when *Iunos* treaſons forced *Ioue*,
T'imbrace the beautious *Semele*, his loue.
I to my loue, as once the Ciprian Queene,
On Simois banks was with the Troyan ſeene.
Incampt at Melans, in warres hote alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry*, clad in princely Armes.
At pleaſant VVindſore, there theſe eyes of mine,
Iudg'd *Tudor* firſt, for wit and ſhape diuine.
Henry abroad, with puiſſance and with force,
Tudor at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe;
Hee then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*.
A march, a meaſure, battell, or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering Launce.
His princely bed aduaunced my renowne,

And on my temples ſet a double Crowne;
VVhich glorious wreath, (as *Henries* lawfull heire,)
Henry the ſixt vpon his brow doth beare.
At Troy in Champayne he did firſt enioy
My bridall-rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now, that honour thou ſhalt haue,
vvhich once in Champayne famous *Henry* gaue.
I ſeeke not wealth, three kingdoms in my power,
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may euer follow her,
vvhich doth baſe pelfe before true loue prefer:
If titles ſtill could oure affections tie,
vvhat is ſo great, but maieſtie might buy?
As I ſeeke thee, ſo Kings doe mee deſire,
To what they craue, thou eaſily may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred fire, once warm'd my hart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more,
And meanes to quench it, I in vaine doe proue,
VVe may hide treaſure, but not hide our loue,
And ſince thy vertue this at firſt did gaine it,
vvill I by reaſon now ſeeke to reſtraine it.
Nor theſe great titles vainely will I bring,
VVife, daughter, mother, ſiſter to a King,
Of grandſire, father, husband, ſonne, and brother,
More thou alone to mee, then all the other.
Nor thinke ſo *Tudor*, that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne great Lancaſtrian line,
Nor ſtirre the Engliſh blood, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine at Lorayne, Burbon, Alanſoon;
Nor doe I thinke there is ſuch different ods,
That they alone ſhould counted be for Gods.
If *Cadmus* earthly iſſue reckoning vs,
And they from *loue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,

Of great *Latonas* of-ſpring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous Grandſires (as their owne) beſtrid,
That horſe of fame, that *Ioue*-begotten ſteed,
VVhoſe bounding hooſe plow'd that Boetian ſpring,
vvhere thoſe ſweet Maydes of memorie doe ſing.
Not onely *Henries* Queene, but boaſt aſwell,
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Iſabell*.
Nor doe I know from whence their griefe ſhould grow,
They by this match ſhould be diſparag'd ſo,
vvhen *Iohn* and *Longſhanks* iſſue both affied,
And to the Kings of VVales in wedlocke tied,
Shewing the greatnes of your blood heereby,
Your race, and royall conſanguinitie.
And VVales as well as haughty England boaſts,
Of Camilot, and all her Penticoſts;
A nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table held a princely place.
If of the often conqueſts of our Land,
They reare the ſpoyles of their victorious hand,
If theſe our auncient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
VVhen bloody *Rufus* ſought your vtter ſack,
Twice entring VVales, yet twice was beaten back.
VVhen famous Cambria waſh'd her in the flood,
Made by th'effuſion of the Engliſh blood;
And oft return'd with glorious victorie,
From VVorſter, Herford, Cheſter, Shrewsbury,
vvhoſe power, in euery conqueſt ſo preuailes,
As once expuls'd the Engliſh out of VVales.
Although my beautie made my Countries peace,
And at my bridall bloody warres did ceaſe,

Yet

Yet more then power, had not his perſon beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in Fraunce that time my choiſe was ſcant;
vvhen Fraunce had robd all Chriſtendome of men,
And Englands flower remain'd amongſt vs then:
Gloſter, whoſe counſells (*Neſtor* like) aſsiſt
Couragious *Bedford*, that great martialliſt;
Clarence, for vertue honour'd of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whoſe fame yet daily greater growes,
VVarwicke, the pride of *Neuels* haughtie race,
Great *Salsbury*, ſo fear'd in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchiuement dares,
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the Iriſh warres,
VVhom (though I were a mighty Princeſſe borne)
Yet of the worſt, no whit I neede to ſcorne;
But *Henries* rare perfections, and his parts,
As his ſword kingdoms, ſo thoſe conquer'd harts.
As chaſt was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaſt loue vow'd to thee:
Beauty doth fetch all fauor from thy face,
All perfit courtſhip reſteth in thy grace.
If thou diſcourſe, thy lipps ſuch accents breake,
As loue a ſpirit, forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The Britiſh language, which ſweet vowels wants,
And iarrs ſo much vpon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As doe the ſweet notes of a well ſet ſong,
And runnes as ſmoothly from thoſe lypps of thine,
As the pure Thuskan from the Florantine;
Leauing ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetnes in the eare,
As the voyce paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there.

Like *Niſus* Tower, where once *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden viall vs'd to play;
vvhere ſenceleſſe ſtones were with ſuch muſick drownd,
As many yeeres they did retaine the ſound.
Had he which dar'd proud *Perſeus* to the field,
Caried my *Tudors* picture in his ſhield,
The ſight thereof ſhould haue ſubdu'd alone,
That *Gorgons* head, which turn'd men to a ſtone.
If *Ioue* ſhould take my *Tudors* louely eye,
And with heauens lights ſhould place it in the skye,
The wandring ſtarrs would leaue theyr endleſſe maze,
And fixe themſelues, vpon that ſtarre to gaze.
If faire *Alcmenas* three nights-gotten ſonne,
vvhen he his twelue great labours firſt had done,
Had knowne one lock of thy delicious ore,
Kept by the Dragon, Lyon, Serpent, Bore,
Twelue labours more for that he would ſuſtaine,
And where he ended, would begin againe.
Yet let not this make thee thy ſelfe forget,
Nor my affection now ſo firmely ſet;
Nor with repulſe my forwardnes reproue,
To boaſt the conqueſt of a princely loue:
No my ſweet *Tudor*, I will aunſwer no,
Thy gentle brow doth mildly warrant ſo.
VVhen Nature ſhew'd her wonders in thy face,
Shee made that mount Loues royall ſporting place,
vvhere ſweet content doth banquet all the yere,
Nor coy diſdaine yet euer dwelled there;
Let peeuiſh worldlings ſpeake of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old men ſpeak of chaunces and euents,
And Lawyers talke of titles, and diſcents;

Leaue

Leaue fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And couenaunts to ſuch as buy and ſell,
Loue my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

Great Henry *ſought to accompliſh his deſire,*
Armed &c.

HEnry the fift making clayme vnto the Crowne of Fraunce, firſt ſought by Armes to ſubdue the French, and after ſought by marriage to confirme what he got by conqueſt, the heate and furie of which inuaſion, is aluded to the fiction of *Semele* in *Ouid*: which by the craftie perſwaſion of *Iuno*, requeſted *Iowe* to come vnto her as he was wont to come vnto his wife *Iuno*, who at her requeſt he yeelding vnto, deſtroyed her in a tempeſt.

Incamp'd at Melans in warres hote alarmes,
Firſt &c.

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the riuer of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley between the two Kings of England, & Fraunce, to which place, *Iſabell* the Queene of Fraunce, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the young Princeſſe *Katherine*, where King *Henry* firſt ſaw her.

And on my temples ſet a double Crowne,

Henry the fift, and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of Fraunce; & during the life of *Charles* the French king, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of Fraunce, and after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the ſixt his ſonne, then beeing very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of England and Fraunce.

At Troy in Champayne he did firſt enioy,

Troy in Champayne, was the place where that victorious king *Henry* the fift married the Princeſſe *Katherine*, in the preſence of the chiefe Nobilitie of the Realmes of England and of Fraunce.

Nor

Nor theſe great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Fewe Queenes of England, or Fraunce, were euer more princely alied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Hiſtoriographers.

Nor thinke ſo Tudor, *that this loue of mine,*
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne &c.

Noting the deſcent of *Henry* her husband, from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was ſurnamed *Gaunt*, of the Cittie of Gaunt in Flaunders, where he was borne.

Nor ſtirre the Engliſh blood, the Sunne and Moone,
T' repine &c.

Aluding the greatnes of the Engliſh line, to *Phœbus* and *Phœbe*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whoſe heauenly kinde might ſcorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie; yet withall, boaſting the blood of Fraunce, as not inferior to theirs. And with this alluſion followeth on the hiſtory of the ſtriſe betwixt *Iuno* & the race of *Cadmus*, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The chyldren of *Niobe* ſlaine, for which the wofull mother became a Rocke, guſhing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

And Iohn *and* Longſhanks *iſſue, both affied,*
Lhewellin, or *Leolin ap Iorwerth*, marryed *Ioan*, daughter to King *Iohn*, a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme ſhee was baſe borne. *Lhewellin ap Gryffith* maried *Ellinor*, daughter to *Simon Montfort* Earle of Leiceſter, and Coſin to *Edward Longſhankes*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Penticoſts,
A nephewes roome &c.

Camilot, the auncient Pallace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order yeerely repayred at Penticoſt, according to the law of the Table, & moſt of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Country, as to this day is perceaued by theyr auncient monuments.

When bloody Rufus *ſought your vtter ſacke,*

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which that *William Rufus* had in two voiages he made into Wales, in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were ſlaine.

And oft return'd with glorious victory,
Noting the diuers ſundry incurſians that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the ſecond, and *Longſhanks*.

Owen Tudor to Queene *Katherine*.

WHen firſt mine eyes beheld thy princely name,
And found from whence theſe friendly letters came,
As in exceſſe of ioy my ſelfe forgot,
VVhether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not;
My panting hart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reed;
Mine eye ſhould guide my tongue, amazed miſt it,
My lips which now ſhould ſpeake, are dombe, and kiſt it,
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,
vvhen all my ſences ſo amazed ſtand:
Euen as a mother comming to her child,
vvhich from her preſence hath been long exil'd,
vvith tender armes his gentle necke doth ſtraine,
Now kiſsing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet exceſsiue ioy delndes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhee doubts if this be hers or no;
At length awak'ned from this pleaſing dreame,
vvhen paſsion ſome-what leaues to be extreame,
My longing eyes, with theyr fayre obiect meet,
VVhere euery letter's pleaſing, each word ſweet.
It was not *Henries* conqueſts, nor his Court,
That had the power to winne mee by report,

Nor

Nor was his dreadfull terror-ſtriking name,
The cauſe that I from VVales to England came,
For Chriſtian Rhodes, and our religious truth,
To great atcheeuements firſt had wonne my youth;
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hether by ſome poore euent,
But by th'eternall Deſtinies conſent,
vvhoſe vncompriſed wiſedoms did fore-ſee,
That thou in marriage ſhould'ſt be linck'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy prophecies enrold)
vvhen firſt he did of *Tudors* fame diuine,
That Kings and Queenes ſhould follow in our line?
And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* auncient Creſt)
vvith Lillies fetch'd from Fraunce ſhould be poſſeſt;
And that our Leeke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roſes, in the Engliſh Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, thou the Lilly wear'ſt,
As *Henries* Queene, the bluſhing Roſe thou bear'ſt;
By Englands conqueſt, and by Fraunce's oth,
Thou art the true made dowager of both;
Both in thy Crowne, both in thy cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to thine, and thine to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
vvhen it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births, vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Iuno* is at all,
vvhen I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,

That

That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous.
VVhen in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce,
In loftie tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduaunce,
And in my turne, my footing faild by hap,
vva'ſt not my chaunce to light into thy lap?
VVho would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen thy *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on typ-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh doe deuiſe
A thouſand ieſts of our hiperbolies;
Nor doe I claime that plot by auncient deedes,
vvhere *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing ſteeds;
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires skarres,
Nor Giants trophies in the Tytans warres;
Nor faine my birth (your princely eares to pleaſe)
By three nights getting, as was *Hercules*;
Nor doe I forge my long decent to runne,
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious ſunne,
And yet in VVales with them moſt famous bee,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my pedigree,
And boaſt my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From faire *Cair-Septon*, in Mount Palador,
And from *Eneons* line, the South-wales King,
From *Theodor* the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My royall mothers princely ſtocke began,
From her great Grandame faire *Gwenellian*,
By true decent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-wales as faire Powſlands ſeate;
Though for our princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie:
Yet who with iudgments true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at firſt did riſe,

Shall find that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of disgrace,
Vsd as a by-word nowe in euery place,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a VVelchmans name,
vvhich was at first begot with Englands shame.
Our valiant swords, our right did still maintaine,
Against that cruell, proude, vsurping Dane;
And buckled in so many dangerous fights,
vvith Norwayes, Swethens, and with Muscouits,
And kept our natiue language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our tongue;
vvhen they which now our nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue lost theyr Country, and theyr name.
Nor neuer could the Saxons swords prouoke
Our Brittaine necks to beare theyr seruile yoke,
vvhere Cambrias pleasant Countries bounded bee,
vvith swelling Seuerne, and the holy Dee;
And since great *Brutus* first arriu'd, haue stood
The onely remnant of the Troyan blood.
To euery man is not alotted chaunce,
To be the glorious conqueror of Fraunce;
Yet if my titles may be raisd by thee,
If heauen say this, heauen saith yet more may be;
And our S. *Dauid*, in the Brittaines right,
May ioyne with *George*, the sainted English Knight,
And old Caer-marden, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not scorn'd by London, though of such renowne.
Ah would to God, that howre my hopes attend,
vvere with my wish, brought to desired end.
Blame mee not Madame, though I thus desire,
vvhen Kings doe wonder what I doe admire;
Should'st thou but touch swart Melas with thy hand,

His letty grauell would be Tagus ſand.
Nature to ſhew more skill in thy curles, ſtroue,
Then did *Arachne* in the web ſhee woue;
VVhere thou wilt ſit vnto thy Lute to ſing,
There ſhall another faire Pirene ſpring.
The Gods wiſh *Hebe* had no other Cup,
But thy ſweet lip for Nectar when they ſup.
The ſweet calme odor thy breath doth reſpire,
Might coole that all which *Phaeton* ſet on fire.
VVonder not (Madam) though all eyes doe gaze,
vvhen ſuch a Comet doth begin to blaze;
Till now your beauty in nights boſome ſlept,
vvhat eye durſt looke, where awfull *Henry* kept?
VVho durſt attempt to ſaile but neere the bay,
vvhere that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
But beauty now is ſet a Princes prize,
And kings now come to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing ayre,
Orithia makes mee that I *Boreas* feare,
If to the fire, *Ioue* once in lightning came,
And fayre *Egina* makes me feare the flame.
If in the ſunne, then ſad ſuſpition dreames,
Phœbus ſhould ſpred *Lucothoe* in his beames,
If in a Fountaine thou dooſt coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare which once came in a flood;
If with thy maides, I dread *Apollos* rape,
vvho cuſned *Chion* in an old vviues ſhape;
If thou dooſt banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
vvho in a Grape *Erigone* did feede;
And if my ſelfe thy Chamber doore ſhould keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes*, comming in a ſleepe.
Pardon (ſweet Queene) if I offend in thys,
In theſe delayes, loue moſt impatient is:

And youth wants power, his hote ſpleene to ſuppreſſe,
vvhen hope already banquets in exceſſe.
Though *Henries* fame, in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind;
VVhat helps a Crownes adorning of the head,
vvhen comfort wanteth in a princely bed?
But onely in the title of a King
vvas his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleaſure you did take,
Neuer let Queene truſt VVelchman for my ſake.
Yet iudge mee not from modeſtie exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt;
My mounting thoughts, which thus to heauen aſpire,
Shewes that my ſpirit's tuch'd with celeſtiall fire,
For had it been of groſſe and earthly mud,
It neuer durſt preſume to ſuch a good;
If loue a fault, the more is beauties ſhame,
vvhen ſhe herſelfe is Author of the ſame;
All men to one peculiar vice incline,
Onely to loue, is naturally mine.
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordaind by heauen, here to adorne the earth,
Ad faythfull loue vnto thy princely ſtate,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not denie,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my fayth approue,
I ceaſe to write, but neuer ceaſe to loue.

Notes of the Chronicle historie.

O that the Helme, the Tudors *auncient Creſt,*

THe Armes of *Tudor* was the Helmes, or mens heads, whereof he ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin*.

When in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce.

Owen Tudor, beeing a courtly and actiue Gentleman, cõmaunded once to daunce before the Queene, in a turne (not beeing able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her lap, as ſhee ſate vpon a little ſtoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in Wales, moſt famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This Berdh, as they call it in the Brittiſh tongue, or as we more properly ſay Bard, or *Bardus* be theyr Poets, which keepe the records of Pedigrees and deſcents, and ſing in oades and meaſures to theyr Harps, after the old manner of the Lirick Poets.

And boaſt my blood from great Cadwallader,

Cadwallader the laſt King of the Brittaines, deſcended of the noble and auncient race of the Troyans, to whom an Angell appeared, commaunding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

Since faire Cair-Septon in mount Palador,

Cair-Septon, now called Shaftsbury, at whoſe building it was ſayd an Eagle prophecied (or rather one named *Aquilla*) of the fame of that place, and of the recouery of the Ile by the Brittains bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And from Eneons *line, the South-wales King,*
From Theodor *&c.*

This *Eneon* was ſlaine by the Rebells of Gwentſland, he was a noble and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom deſcended the Princes of South-wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenellian.

Guenellian the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth, ap Theodor*, Prince of South-wales, maried to *Edniuet Vahan*, auncestor to *Owen Tudor*.

My true deſcent from Leolin *the great,*

This is that *Lewhelin*, called *Leolinus magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

Nor

Nor that word Croggen, *nickname of disgrace,*

In the voyage that *Henry* the second made against the Welchmen, as his souldiers passed Offas ditch at Croggen Castell, they were ouerthrowne by the Welchmen, which word *Croggen*, hath since been vsed to the Welchmens disgrace, which was at first begun with theyr honour.

And old Caer Merdin, Merlins *famous Towne,*

Caer Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, so called of *Merlins* beeing sound there; This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose prophecies vvee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, surnamed Calidonius, of the Forrest Calidon, where he prophecied.

And kept our natiue Language now thus long,

The Welchmen be those auncient Brittaines, which when the Picks, Danes, and Saxons inuaded heere, were first driuen into those parts, where they haue kept theyr language euer since the first, without commixtion with any other language.

FINIS.

To my honoured Mistres, Mistres *Elizabeth Tanfelde*, the sole Daughter and heire, of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Lawrence Tanfelde* Esquire.

FAire and vertuous Mistresse, since first it was my good fortune to be a Witnes of the many rare perfections where-With nature and education haue adorned you: I haue been forced since that time to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch *could before perswade mee to by the prayses of his* Laura. *Sweete is the French tongue, more sweet the Italian, but most sweet are they both if spoken by your admired selfe. If Poesie were prayseless, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though amongst the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeres giue scarcely Warrant for your more then Womanlike Wisedom, by so much is your iudgement, and reading, the more to be Wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more Sister by your selfe, and England by your birth shall add one Muse more to the Muses: I rest the humbly deuoted seruant to my deere and modest Mistresse: to Whom I Wish, the happiest fortunes I can deuise.*

Michaell Drayton.

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolke, to Queene *Margarit*.

❋ The Argument.

VVilliam de la Pole, *first Marques, and after created Duke of Suffolke, beeing ſent into Fraunce by King* Henry *the ſixt, concludeth a marriage betweene the King his Maiſter, and* Margarite, *daughter to* Rayner *Duke of Anion: Who onely had the title of the King of Cicily and Ieruſalem. This marriage beeing made contrary to the liking of the Lords & counſell of the Realme, (by reaſon of the yeelding vp Anion & Maine into the Dukes hands, which ſhortly after proued the loſſe of all Aquitaine,) they euer after cõtinually hated the Duke; and after (my meanes of the Commons) baniſhed him at the parliament at Bery: Where after he had the iudgment of his exile, beeing then ready to depart, hee writeth backe to the Queene this Epiſtle.*

IN my diſgrace (deere Queene) reſt thy content,
And *Margarits* health from *Suffolks* baniſhment;
Not one day ſeemes fiue yeeres exile to mee,
But that ſo ſoone I muſt depart from thee;
VVhere thou not preſent, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Sauages which worſhyp the ſunnes riſe,
vvould hate theyr God, if they beheld thyne eyes,
The worlds great light, might'ſt thou be ſeene abroad,
vvould at our nooneſtead euer make aboade;
And force the poore Antipodes to mourne,

Fearing

Fearing leaſt he would neuer more returne.
VVere't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile
To liue within this Sea-inuirond Ile.
Poles courage brooks not limitting in bands,
But that (great Queene) thy ſoueraigntie commands;
Our Falcons kinde cannot the cage indure,
Nor buzzard-like doth ſtoope to euery lure;
Their mounting broode in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
VVee all doe breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one heauen encompaſſeth vs all:
No baniſhment can be to him aſsign'd,
vvho doth retaine a true reſolued minde.
Man in himſelfe, a little world doth beare,
His ſoule the Monarch euer ruling there,
vvhere euer then his body doth remaine,
He is a King that in himſelfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'ſt alarmes,
That beares againſt her, *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane proude *VVarwicke* did inuent,
To my diſgrace, at Leiſter parliament,
That onely my baſe yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine,
vvith the baſe vulgar ſort to winne him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreys* name;
And ſo by treaſon ſpotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raiſe the *Neuells* brood.
VVith *Salesbury*, his vile ambitious Syer,
In *Yorks* ſterne breſt, kindling long hidden fyer,
By *Clarence* title working to ſupplant,
The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn of Gaunt*.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raskall multitud;

Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By mee of force he muſt be murthered.
If they would know who robd him of his life,
Let them call home Dame *Ellinor* his wife;
vvho with a Taper walked in a ſheete,
To light her ſhame, at noone through London ſtreete;
And let her bring her Nigromanticke booke,
That foule hagge *Iordane*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*:
And let them call theyr ſpirits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died: and who ſhall raigne.
For twentie yeeres and haue I ſeru'd in Fraunce,
Againſt great *Charles*, and baſtard *Orleance*?
And ſeene the ſlaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, and conquered agen;
And haue I ſeene Vernoylas batfull fields,
Strewd with ten thouſand Helmes, ten thouſand ſhields,
vvhere famous *Bedford* did our fortune trie,
Or Fraunce or England for the victory.
The ſad inueſting of ſo many Townes,
Scor'd on my breſt in honourable wounds;
VVhen *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of ſuch name,
Vnder my Enſigne, both firſt wonne theyr fame:
In heate and cold all fortunes haue indur'd,
To rouze the French, within their walls immur'd.
Through all my life, theſe perrills haue I paſt,
And now to feare a baniſhment at laſt?
Thou know'ſt how I, (thy beauty to aduaunce,)
For thee refuſd the infant Queene of Fraunce,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* firſt did make,
Twixt *Henry*, and the Princeſſe *Armynacke*;
Onely (ſweet Queene) thy preſence I might gaine,

I gaue Duke *Rayner*, Aniou, Mauns, and Maine,
Thy peereleſſe beauty for a dower to bring,
To counterpoize the wealth of Englands King;
And from Aumearle with-drew my warlike powers,
And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to Towers,
Th' Embaſſadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie, and Spaine,
And telling *Henry* of thy beauties ſtorie,
I taught my tongue a Louers oratorie,
As the report it ſelfe did ſo indite,
And make tongues rauiſh eares with theyr delight:
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe, (as telling all)
My lookes ſhow'd more, that was Angelicall.
And when I breath'd againe, and pauſed next,
I left mine eyes to preach vpon the text.
Then comming of thy modeſtie to tell,
In muſicks numbers my voyce roſe and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater cadences to file,
By true deſcent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicils, and Ieruſalem.
And from the Gods thou didſt deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kinde could ioyne with brood of earth;
Gracing each tytle that I did recite,
vvith ſome mellifluous pleaſing Epithite;
Nor left him not, till hee for loue was ſicke,
Beholding thee in my ſweet Rethorick.
A fifteens taxe in Fraunce I freely ſpent,
In tryumphs, at thy nuptiall Tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy Fathers Crowne;
And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.

Iudge

Iudge if his kindnes haue not power to moue,
vvho for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did ſing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
vvould ouer-boord haue caſt his golden ſheepe,
As too vnworthy ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The brynie ſeas which ſawe the ſhyp enfold thee,
vvould vaute vp to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmoother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another:
VVhen the proude Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd the ſalt waues ſhould kiſſe her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flaggs, herſelfe ſhe braues,
Dauncing for ioy vpon the ſiluer waues;
vvhen like a Bull, from the Phenician ſtrand,
Ioue with *Europa*, trypping from the land,
Vpon the boſome of the maine doth ſcud,
And with his ſwanniſh breaſt cleauing the flood,
Tow'rds the fayre fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicias* pride.
All heauenly beauties, ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew theyr glory in thine eye alone;
vvhich when it turneth that celeſtiall ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtarrs riſe, a thouſand fall.
VVho iuſtly ſayth, mine baniſhment to bee,
vvhen onely Fraunce for my recourſe is free?
To view the plaines where I haue ſeene ſo oft,
Englands victorious Enſignes raiſd aloft;
vvhen this ſhall be my comfort in my way,
To ſee the place where I may boldly ſay,
Heere mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,

Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the Frenchmen fled,
Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
Heere ſtoode the Tents of famous *VVillobbie*;
Heere *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquered band,
Heere forth we march'd, and heere we made a ſtand.
VVhat ſhould we ſtand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth eaſily take away:
VVhat fortune hurts, let patience onely heale,
No wiſedome with extreamities to deale;
To know our ſelues to come of humaine birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſſe vs heere on earth;
A taxe impoſd by heauens eternall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we priſe that at ſo deere a rate
VVhoſe beſt aſſurance is a fickle ſtate,
And needleſſe we examine our intent,
VVhen with preuention, we cannot preuent;
VVhen we our ſelues fore-ſeeing cannot ſhun,
That which before, with deſtinie doth run.
Henry hath power, and may my life diſpoſe,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to loſe,
Then be as merry, (beautious, royall Queene)
As in the Court of Fraunce we erſt haue beene;
As when ariu'd in Porcheſters faire roade,
(VVhere, for our comming *Henry* made aboade)
VVhen in myne armes I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gaue my loue, to *Henryes* royall hand;
The happy howers, we paſſed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banquetting,
VVith ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* breſt,
VVhen he to London brought thee from the VVeſt;
Through golden Cheape, when hee in pompe did ride,
To VVeſtminſter, to entertaine his Bride.

Notes

Notes of the Chronicle historie.

Our Faulcons kinde cannot the cage indure.

HE alludes in these verses to the Faulcon, which was the auncient deuice of the *Poles*, comparing the greatnes and haughtines of his spirit, to the nature of this byrd.

This was the meane proude Warwicke *did inuent,*
To my disgrace &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through *Warwickes* meanes, accused *Suffolke* of treason, & vrged the accusation so vehemently that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.

That onely my base yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitane.

The Duke of Suffolke beeing sent into Fraunce to conclude a peace, chose Duke *Rayners* daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, whom he espoused for *Henry* the sixt, deliuering for her to her Father, the Countries of Aniou and Maine, & the Cittie of Mauns. Whereupon the Earle of Arminack (whose daughter was before promised to the King) seeing himselfe to be mocked, caused all the English men to be expulsed out of Aquitaine, Gascoyne, & Guyne.

With the base vulgar sort to winne him fame,
To be the heyre of good Duke Humfreys *name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwick, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grewe into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

With Salisbury, *his vile ambitious Sire,*
In Yorks *sterne brest, kindling long hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title working to supplant,*
The Eagle Ayrie of great Iohn of Gaunt.

Richard Plantaginet, Duke of Yorke, in the the time of *Henrie* the sixt, claymed the Crowne, (beeing assisted by this *Richard Newell* Earle of Salisburie, and Father to the great Earle of *Warwicke*, who fauoured exceedingly the house of Yorke) in open parliament, as heyre to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, sonne to *Edmond* of Langley, Duke of Yorke; which *Anne*, was Daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger*, was sonne and heyre to *Edmond Mortimer*,

hat married the Lady *Phillip*, Daughter and heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of King *Edward*, to whō the crowne after *Richard* the ſeconds death lineally diſcended he dying without iſſue. And not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaſter, that was younger Brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall cap. 1. Tit. for. & Lanc.*

Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectours death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, and Lorde Protectour, in the 25. yeare of *Hen. 6.* was by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolk was areſted by ỹ Lord *Beumond* at the Parliament holden at Berry, and the ſame night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. To this verſe,
To know how Humfrey *dyed, and who ſhall raigne.*

In theſe verſes her ieſts at the Protectours wife, who being accuſed and conuicted of treaſon, becauſe with *Iohn Hun* a Prieſt, *Roger Bollingbrooke* a Negromancer, and *Margery Iordane* called the Witch of Ely, ſhee had conſulted and agreed by Sorcery to kill the King, was adiudged to perpetuall pryſon in the Ile of Man, and to doo penaunce openly in three publique places in London.

For twenty yeares and haue I ſeru'd in Fraunce.

In the 6. yeare of *Hen.* the 6. the Duke of Bedford being deceaſed then Lieutenant generall, and Regent of Fraunce: this Duke of Suffolke was promoted to that dignity, hauing the L. *Talbot*, L. *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to aſſiſt him.

Againſt great Charles, *and Baſtard* Orleance.

This was *Charles* the ſeauenth, that after the death of *Henry* the fifth obtained the crowne of Fraunce, & recouered againe much of that his Father had loſt. Baſtard *Orleance* was ſonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the L. *Cawnies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, becauſe he being a moſt valiant Captaine, was continuall enemy to the Engliſhmen, daylie infeſting them with diuers incurſions.

And haue I ſeene Vernoyla's *batfull fields.*

Vernoyle is that noted place in Fraunce, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Hen. 6.* his raigne, where the moſt of the French chealry were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumearle with-drew my warlike powers.

Aumearle is that ſtrong defenced towne in Fraunce, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24. great aſſaults giuen vnto it.

And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to Towers
Th'Embaſſadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary, and Spaine.

Towers is a Citty in Fraunce, built by *Brutus* as he came into Britaine, where in the 21. of *Henry* the 6, was appoynted a great dyet to bee kept, whether came th'Embaſſadours of th'Empire, Spaine, Hungary, and Denmarke to intreate for a perpetuall peace, to be made betweene the two Kings of England, and Fraunce.

By true deſcent to weare the Diadem
Of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem.

Rayner Duke of Aniou, Father to Queene *Margarit*, call'd him ſelfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Ieruſalem, hauing the title alone of King of thoſe Countries.

A fifteenes taxe in Fraunce I freely ſpent.

The Duke of Suffolke after the marriage concluded twixt King *Henry*, and *Margarit* Daughter to Duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifeteenth to fetch her into England.

Seeue thee for England but imbarkt at Deepe.

Deepe is a Towne in Fraunce, bordering vpon the Sea where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene *Margarit* tooke ſhippe for England.

As when ariu'd in Porcheſters faire Roade.

Porcheſter a Hauen Towne in the South-weſt part of England, where the King taried expecting the Queenes ariuall, whom from thence he conueyed to South-hampton.

Queene

Queene *Margarit* to *William de la Pole*, Duke of Suffolke.

WHat newes (ſweet *Pole*) look'ſt thou my lines ſhould tell,
But like the ſounding of the dolefull bell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue.
My breſt, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vaſt and deſart wilderne is growne;
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,
On whoſe breeme ſeas, the Icie mountaines flote,
vvhere thoſe poore creatures baniſh'd from the light,
Doe liue impriſon'd in continuall night.
No ioy preſents my ſoules internall eyes,
But diuination of ſad tragedies,
And care takes vp her ſolitarie Inne,
vvhere youth and ioy, theyr Court did once begin.
As in September, when our yeere reſignes,
The glorious ſunne vnto the watry ſignes,
vvhich through the clowdes lookes on the earth in ſcorne;
The little Byrd, yet to ſalute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches ſets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the moſſy roote;
And there a ſilly chirripping doth keepe,
As though ſhee faine would ſing, yet faine would weepe,
Prayſing faire Sommer, that too ſoone is gone,
Or mourning VVinter, too faſt comming on.
In this ſad plight I mourne for thy depart,
Becauſe that weeping cannot eaſe my hart.

Now

Now to our ayde, who ſtirres the neighbouring Kings?
Or who from Fraunce a puiſſant Armie brings?
VVho moues the Norman to aſsiſt our warre?
Or brings in Burgoyn, to ayde Lancaſter;
VVho in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To winne vs credite with our valiant friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecrete thoughts impart?
VVhoſe breſt is now the cloſet of my hart?
The auncient *Heroes* fame thou didſt reuiue,
And didſt from them thy memory deriue;
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Pole* ſhe was too prodigall;
Of ſo diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him, perfections depth had ſought,
Peables and Flints we finde in euery path,
The Diamond rich India onely hath.
VVell knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
vvhen thou wert made his ſweet-tong'd Orator;
vvhoſe Angell-eye, by powrefull influence,
Imparteth wonders, paſsing eloquence,
That when *loue* would his youthfull ſports haue tryde,
But in thy ſhape, himſelfe would neuer hide;
vvhich in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his Nymph, his flame, his ſwanne, his ſhower.
To that allegiance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heyres, and ſafetie of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record ſhall beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.
Hee that's in all the worlds blacke ſinnes forlorne,
Is careleſſe now how oft hee be forſworne;
And now of late his title hath ſet downe,
By which he claimes the right of Englands Crowne.
And now I heare, his hateſull Dutches chatts,

And rips vp theyr decent vnto her brats,
And bleſſeth them as Englands lawfull heyrs,
And tells them that our Diadem is theyrs.
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſſe fortune bring,
If three ſonnes faile, ſhe'le make the fourth a King.
Hee that'ſ ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
That foule, ilfauored, crookback'd ſtigmatick,
That like a carkaſe ſtolne out of a Tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe;
vvith teeth i'ns head, his paſſage to haue torne,
As though begot an age ere he was borne.
VVho now dare curbe proude *Yorke*, if he doe riſe?
And ſtoope that haggard, which ſo threats the ſkyes?
To crop that baſtard weede which daily growes,
To ouer-ſhadow our vermilion Roſe?
Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare?
From whoſe ſterne preſence all doe flie for feare;
vvhilſt on his knees the ſilly King is downe,
To ſaue theyr labour, reaching at his Crowne.
VVhere like a mounting Cedar he ſhould beare
His plumed top, aloft into the ayre;
And let theſe ſhrubs ſit vnderneath his ſhrowdes,
vvhilſt in his armes he doth imbrace the clowdes.
But he with error in deuotion led,
Lets others raſe the Crowne from of his head;
And (like a woman) ſits him downe to weepe,
VVhere hee in Armes his kingly right ſhould keepe,
As ill beſeeming *Henries* royall ſonne,
As when *Alcides* at the diſtaffe ſpunne.
O that he ſhould his Fathers right inherit,
Yet by an alien to that mightie ſpirit;
That field the VVeſterne world with his report,
His glorious conqueſt got at Agyncourt;

VVhoſe name to Fraunce dyd greater terror bring,
Then to the foule, the preſence of theyr King;
VVho fild the ditches of beſiged Cane,
vvith mangled bodyes of our Nation ſlaine:
And made the Normans eate theyr horſe for foode,
Yet ſtaru'd for hunger; made them drunke with blood.
Nor can he come from *Lancaſters* great line,
Or from the wombe of beautious *Katherine*.
All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Dayſie-flower which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
vvhich for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the duſt lyes troden on the ground,
And with *Yorks* garlands euery one is crownd.
Thoſe flattering ſtarrs which followed our faire riſe,
Now towards our ſet, are vaniſh'd from our eyes,
Yorks riſing ſonnes now altogether ſhine,
And our light dim, towards euening doth decline;
Now in the skyes his dreadfull Comet waues,
And who be ſtarrs, but *VVarwicks* bearded ſtaues?
And all thoſe knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them, purſue me with deſpite,
vvhich moſt haue cryde, God ſaue Queene *Margarite*.
VVhen fame ſhall brute thy baniſhment abroade,
The Yorkiſh faction then will lay on loade;
And when it comes once to our VVeſterne Coaſt,
O how that hagge Dame *Elinor* will boaſt;
And labour ſtraight, by all the means ſhee can,
To be calld home, out of the Ile of Man;
To which I know great *VVarwicke* will conſent,
To haue it done by acte of Parliament,
That to my teeth, my birth ſhe may defie,

Slaundring Duke *Rayner* with baſe beggery;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue mee,
vvanting ſweet *Suffolke*, which ſhould moſt releeue mee.
And from that ſtocke doth ſprout another bloome,
A Kentiſh Rebell, a baſe vpſtart groome;
And this is hee the VVhite-Roſe muſt prefer,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.
Thus by *Yorks* meanes, this raſcall peſant *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſt *Plantaginet* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke
To ſound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
VVhilſt he abroade doth practiſe to commaund,
And makes vs weake by ſtrength'ning Ireland;
More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to encreaſe,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *VVinchester* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes ſhould be encreas'd.
Beuford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall,
The Commons, (bent to miſchiefe) neuer let,
vvith Fraunce t'vpbrayd that valiant *Somerſet*,
Rayling in tumults on his ſouldiers loſſe;
Thus all goes backward, croſſe comes after croſſe.
And nowe of late, Duke *Humfreys* old alies,
vvith baniſh'd *Elnors* baſe accomplices,
Attending theyr reuenge, grow wondrous crouſe,
And threaten death and vengeaunce to our houſe;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure theſe ſtormes, with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Pole* haue care how thou doſt paſſe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe ſo dangerous was;
And one fore-told by *vvater* thou ſhould'ſt die,
(Ah foule befall that foule tongues prophecie,)

And euery night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe ſee thee toſt in dangerous ſtreames;
And oft-times ſhipwrackt, caſt vpon the land,
And lying breathleſſe on the queachie ſand;
And oft in viſion ſee thee in the night,
vvhere thou at ſea maintain'ſt a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued Target and thy ſword,
Beat'ſt backe the Pyrate which would come abord.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The trueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious:
Sorrow doth vtter what vs ſtill doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs ſorrow to belieue;
And in my counſell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amiſſe:
Then liue in hope, in tryumph to returne,
vvhen cleerer dayes ſhall leaue in clowdes to mourne;
But ſo hath ſorrow girt my ſoule about,
That, that word *hope*, (mee thinks) comes ſlowly out:
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
vvhere it may ſtill behold thee in my breſt.
Farewell ſweet *Pole*, faine more I would endite,
But that my teares doe blot as I doe write.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

Or brings in Burgoyn to ayde Lancaſter.

PHillip Duke of Burgoyn and his ſonne were alwaies great fauorites of the houſe of Lancaſter: howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To winne vs credite with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North-parts in the time of *Henry* the 6. withſtoode the Duke of Yorke, at his ryſing, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

To that aleageance Yorke *was bound by oath*
To Henries *heires, and ſafety of vs both.*
No longer now he meanes records ſhall beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.

The Duke of Yorke at the death of *Henry* the fifth, and at this Kings coronation, tooke his oath to be true ſubiect to him, and his heires for euer: but afterward diſpenſing there-with, claimed the Crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three Sonnes faile, ſhee'l make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure Sonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had depoſed *Henry* the 6. and *Edmond* Earle of Rutland, ſlaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battell at Wakefield: and *George* Duke of Clarence that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Gloceſter who was (after he had murthered his Brothers ſons) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt Dicke,
That foule ill fauoured crookback'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verſe. *As though begot an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironiacally ſhee heere calls *Dicke*) that by treaſon after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the Crowne, was a man lowe of ſtature, crooke-back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and ſower countenance: his Mother could not be deliuered of him vncut, and he was borne toothed, and with his feete forward contrary to the courſe of nature.

To ouerſhadow our vermilion Roſe.

The red Roſe was the badge of the houſe of *Lancaſter*, and the white Roſe of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the ſeauenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heire of the houſe of *Yorke*, was conioyned and vnited.

Or who doth muzzle that vnruly Beare.

The Earle of Warwicke, the ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, and the Ragged ſtaffe.

His glorious conqueſt got at Agyncourt.

Agincourt is a Teritory in Fraunce, where King *Henry* the fifth diſcomfited the whole French puiſſance beeing 60000. horſemen,

beſides ſoote-men and Pages, and ſlewe at the ſame battell 8000, of their Nobility, Knights, and Gentlemen. And almoſt all the Princes of Fraunce, beſides ſuch as were taken priſoners.

Who fill'd the ditches of beſieged Caen
With mangled bodies. &c.

Caen is a meruailous ſtrong Towne of Normandy, which after long famine and extreame miſery, was yeelded vp to King *Henry* the fifth, who fortified the Towne and Caſtle to the vſe of the Engliſh.

My Dayſie flower which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.

The Dayſie in French is called *Margarit*, which was Queene *Margarits* badge, where-with all the Nobility and chiualry of the Land at the firſt ariuall were ſo delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of honour.

And who be Starres but Warwicks *bearded ſtaues.*

The ragged or bearded ſtaffe was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earldome of VVarwicke.

Slaundering Duke Rayner *with baſe beggery.*

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himſelfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from thoſe parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene of his owne charges to ſend her into England though he gaue no dower with her: which by the Dutches of Gloceſter was often in diſgrace caſt in her teeth.

A Kentiſh Rebell, a baſe vpſtart Groome.

This was *Iack Cade* which cauſed the Kentiſh-men to rebell in the 28. yeare of *Henry* the 6.

And this is he the white Roſe muſt prefer,
By Clarence *Daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iack Cade* inſtructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be decended from *Mortimer* which married Lady *Phillip*, Daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And makes vs weake by ſtrengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke beeing made Deputy of Ireland, firſt there began to practiſe his long pretended purpoſe, ſtrengthning himſelfe by all meanes poſſible that he might at his returne into Eng-

land by open warre, to claime that which ſo long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester *vntimely is deceas'd.*

Henry Beuford Biſhop and Cardinall of Winchester, Sonne to *Iohn of Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelat, fauouring mightily the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treaſure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himſelfe on his death-bed confeſſed.

With Fraunce t'vpbraide the valiant Somerſet.

Edmond Duke of Somerſet, in the 24. of *Henry* the 6 was made Regent of Fraunce, and ſent into Normandy to defend the Engliſh Territories againſt the French inuaſions, but in ſhort time he loſt all that King *Henry* the fifth wone, for which cauſe the Nobles and the Commons euer after hated him.

T'endure theſe ſtormes with wofull Buckingham.

Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great fauorite of the Queenes Faction, in the time of *Henry* the 6.

And one foretold by water thou ſhouldſt dye.

The Witch of Eye receaued aunſwer by her ſpirit, that the Duke of Suffolke ſhould take heede of water; which the Queene forwarnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophecie, which afterward came to paſſe.

FINIS.

¶ To

¶ To the Right Worshipfull Sir *Thomas Mounson*, Knight.

(·.·)

SIR, amongst many which most deseruedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last, whose endeuours may make knowne how highly they esteeme of your noble and kinde disposition: let this Epistle Sir (I beseech you) which vnwoorthily weares the Badge of your woorthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the rest, (though much lesse deseruing) which for your sake doe honour the house of the Mounsons. *I knowe true generositie accepteth what is zelously offered, though not euer deseruingly excellent, yet for loue of the Art from whence it receiueth resemblance. The light Phrigian harmony stirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth passion: both haue their motion in the spirit, as the lyking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, shall giue some life to my Muse, which yet houers in the vncertaintie of the generall censure.*

Michaell Drayton.

Edward the fourth to *Shores wife*.

✻ The Argument.

This Mistresse Shore, *King* Edward *the fourths beautious paramore, was so called of her husband a Goldsmith, dwelling in Lumbard Street.* Edward *the fourth, sonne to* Richard *Duke of Yorke, after hee had obtained the Crowne by deposing* Henry *the sixt, (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by* Richard Crookebacke) *and after the battell fought at Barnet, where that famous Earle of Warwicke was slaine, and that King* Edward *quietly possessed the Crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare and wonderfull beauty of the afore-said* Shores *wife, commeth himselfe disguised to London to see her; where after he had once beheld her, he was so surprised with her admirable beautie, as not long after he robbed her husband of his deerest iewel; but first by this Epistle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fayr'st that euer breath'd thys ayre,
From English *Edward* to that fairest faire;
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermaund a Monarchs high desire,
And barre mine eyes of what they most admire.
O why should Fortune make the Citty proude,
To giue that more then is the Court alow'd?
VVhere they like (wretches) hoard it vp to spare,
And doe engrosse it, as they doe theyr ware.
VVhen fame first blaz'd thy beauty heere in Court,
Mine eares repulsd it, as a light report,

But

But when mine eyes ſawe what mine eare had hard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpard;
And ſtrooken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then ſhee had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
vvhen I enuy that *Shore* ſhould ſo be bleſt,
vvhen much abundance makes the needy mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had;
Into fooles boſoms thys good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in the whilſt the miſer ſleepes.
If now thy beauty be of ſuch eſteeme,
vvhich all of ſo rare excellencie deeme,
vvhat would it be, and prized at what rate,
vvere it adorned with a kingly ſtate?
vvhich beeing now, but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamiling;
The ſparkling luſter of the ſtone is ſpilt,
If that the beautie be not ſhewd in gilt.
VVhen firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee, in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſsing thy ſhop, thy husband calld mee back,
Demaunding what rare iewell I did lack?
I want, (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And one (I feare) thou wilt not let mee haue;
Hee calls for Caskets forth, and ſhewes mee ſtore,
But yet I knew he had one iewell more;
And deadly curſt him that hee did denie it,
That I might not for loue or mony buy it.
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
vvhoſe ſparkling radiance ſhadowed but thine eye,
vvould not my treaſure ſerue, my Crowne ſhould goe,

any iewell could be prized ſo;
n Agat, branched with thy bluſhing ſtraines,
A Saphyre, but ſo azur'd, as thy vaines;
My kingly ſcepter onely ſhould redeeme it,
At ſuch a price if iudgement could eſteeme it.
How fond and ſenceleſſe, be thoſe ſtrangers then,
VVho bring in toyes to pleaſe the Engliſh men.
I ſmile to thinke how fond th'Italians are,
To iudge theyr artificiall Gardens rare,
vvhen London in thy cheekes can ſhew them heere,
Roſes and Lillies growing all the yeere;
The Portugall, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing ſtones from fartheſt India in,
vvhen happy *Shore* can bring them forth a gerle,
vvhoſe lipps be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Chriſtall, from the frozen maine,
vvhen thy cleere skinnes tranſparence doth ſurpaſſe,
Theyr Chriſtall, as the Diamond doth glaſſe.
The fooliſh French, which brings in traſh and toyes,
To turne our vvomen men, our gerles to boyes,
vvhen with what tire thou dooſt thy ſelfe adorne,
That for a faſhion onely ſhall be worne;
vvhich though it were a garment but of hayre,
More rich then robe that euer Empreſſe ware.
Mee thinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale when thou art by;
vvhen they which doe thy Angell locks behold,
Like baſeſt droſſe doe but reſpect his gold;
And wiſh one haire before that maſſy heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape:
And for no cauſe elſe, hold we gold ſo deare,
But that it is ſo like vnto thy hayre.

And ſure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would find the great Elixar out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchimiſts, that choke
Themſelues with fumes, and waſt theyr wealth in ſmoke,
vvhen if thy hand but touch the baſeſt mould,
It is conuerted vnto pureſt gold,
vvhen theirs is chaffer'd at an eaſie rate,
vvell knowne to all to be adulterate;
And theyrs, no more when it by thine is ſet,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Iet.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeet,
If there were none; thou could'ſt make all things ſweet.
Thou comfort'ſt ſence, and yet all ſence dooſt waſt,
To heare, to ſee, to ſmell, to feele, to taſt;
Thou a rich ſhyp, whoſe very refuſe ware,
Aromaticks, and precious odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whiteries of the ſame would'ſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And thoſe which by, as the beholders ſtand,
vvill take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand.
A thouſand eyes, clos'd vp by enuious night,
Doe wiſh for day, but to enioy thy ſight;
And when they once haue bleſt their eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect els, what ere they ſee,
So like a Goddeſſe beautie ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch powerfull working in our ſoules.
The Merchant which in traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a daintie wife,
The blunt-ſpoke Cynick, poring on his booke,
Sometime (aſide) at beautie loues to looke.
The Church-man, by whoſe teaching we are led,

Alowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloody ſouldier which in Armes doth toyle,
vvith Beauty yet content to ſhare his ſpoyle,
The buſie lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth in beautie yet there is ſome eaſe;
The toyling trades-man, and the ſweating Clowne,
VVould haue his wench faire, though his bread be browne;
So much is Beautie pleaſing vnto all,
To Prince and peaſant, one in generall:
Nor neuer yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to prayſe thy ſeuerall parts;
Poore plodding ſchoolemen, they are farre too low,
vvhich by probations, rules, and axiom's goe,
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the skyes,
vvhich notes the reuolutions of thine eyes;
And by that skill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties world, thy waſt, thy foote, thy hand,
VVhere he may finde, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as yet are ſtrange and newe;
And other worlds of beautie more and more,
vvhich neuer were diſcouered before:
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vſing alone Arithmaticks ſtrong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when theſe all haue done what they can doe,
For thy perfections all too little too.
But leauing Arts, what ſhould I ſay thou art?
But of each Goddeſſe thou a better part,
From *Iris* white, thy red, vermillion, blew,
Thy skin, thy lip, thy cheeke, thy vaines pure hiew;

But thoſe in her, together mixed bee,
But all diſtinct, and ſeuerall in thee.
From beautious *Ceres*, thy ſoft-ſwelling breſt,
Thoſe orient Grapes giue Nectar, beeing preſt;
Thy ſmyles from *Venus*, but ſuch ſmyles of ioy,
As when ſhe laughes vpon her little boy;
Thy caridge, from maieſticke *Iuno's* gate,
vvhich giues delight for all to wonder at.
VVhen from the Eaſt the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the world about,
vvithin thy Chamber hath ſhee fixt her light,
vvhere but that place, the world hath all been night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should ſee loue banquet in her maieſtie?
VVe deeme thoſe things our ſight doth moſt frequent,
To be but meane, although moſt excellent;
For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrewd,
Few looke on ſuch as daily come abroade;
Things much reſtraind, doth make vs much deſire them,
And beauties ſildome ſeene, makes vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a Citty ſhop ſhould hide,
The worlds delight, and Natures onely pride,
But in a Princes ſumptuous gallery,
Hung all with Tiſſue, fior'd with Tapiſtrie;
vvhere thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy ſtate ſhalt ſee,
The tylts and tryumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou liſt to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a kingly loue,
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe vnpartiall Iudge of both;
VVhere harts be knit, what helps if not enioy?
Delayes breede doubts, no cunning to be coy.
VVhilſt lazie Time his turne by tariance ſerues,

Loue ſtill growes ſickly, and hope daily ſtormes
Meane while, receaue that warrant by theſe lines,
vvhich princely rule and ſoueraignty reſignes;
Till when, theſe papers by their Lords command,
By me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and dainty hand.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him being of vnlawfull affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of hiſtoricall Notes, for had he mentioned the many battailes betwixt the Lancaſtrian faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to *Plautus* boaſting Souldiour then a kingly Courtier. Notwithſtanding it ſhall not be amiſſe to annexe a line or two.

From Engliſh Edward *to the faireſt faire.*

Edward the fourth was by nature very chiualrous and very amorous, applying his ſweet and amiable aſpect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was ſo well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their interuiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Comineus* reports, being taken at his word, he notwithſtanding brake off the matter, fearing the Pariſian dames with their witty conuerſation, would detaine him longer then ſhould be for his benefit, by which meanes *Edward* was diſapointed of his iourney: and albeit Princes whilſt they liue haue nothing in them but what is admirable, yet we neede not miſtruſt the flattery of the Court in thoſe times, for certaine it is that his ſhape was excellent, his haire drew neere to a blacke, making his faces fauour ſeeme more delectable. Though the ſmalenes of his eyes full of a ſhining moiſture, as it tooke away ſome comlines, ſo it argued much ſharpnes of vnderſtanding, and cruelty mingled therewith. And in deede George *Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him and other Princes of thoſe times, with affection of tiranny as *Richard* the third manifeſtly did.

When firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes.

Edwards intemperate deſires, with which he was wholy ouer-

come

come, how tragically they in his ofspring were punished, is vniuerſally knowne. A mirrour repreſenting their ouer-ſight, that rather leaue their children what to poſſeſſe, then what to imitate.

How ſilly is the Polander and Dane
To bring vs Chriſtall from the frozen maine.

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Chriſtall to be a kind of Ice, and therefore it is likely they who come from the frozen parts, ſhould bring great ſtore of that tranſparent ſtone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame cold. Whether Chriſtall be Ice or ſome other liquor, I omit to diſpute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall there may be ſuch an induration, for *Solinus* out of Pliny mentioneth, that in the Northerly Regions a yellow ielly is taken vp out of the Sea at low tides, which he calls *Succinum*, wee Amber, ſo likewiſe out of the Liguſtick deepe, a part of the Mediterran Sea, a greeniſh ſtalke is gathered, which hardned in the ayre becomes to be Corall either white or red. Amber notwithſtanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

Et latet, et lucet Phaethontide condita gutta,
Vt videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo;
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum,
Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.

To behold a Bee incloſde in Electrum, is not ſo rare as that a Boyes throat ſhould be cut with the fall of an Iceſickle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18, lib. 4. He calls it *Phaethontis gutta*, becauſe of that fable which *Ouid* rehearſeth, concerning the *Heliades*, or *Phaetons* Siſters metamorphozed into thoſe trees, whoſe gum is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently impriſoned.

¶ The Epistle of *Shores* wife, to King *Edward* the Fourth.

AS the weake chyld, that from the Mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his Maisters curious listning eare;
VVhose trembling hand, at euery straine bewrayes,
In what doubt hee, his new set lesson playes;
As this poore chylde, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
VVould I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Country fields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skyes,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes.
Oft haue I heard my beauty praisd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-eye to finde out that,
vvhich vulgar sights doe sildome wonder at,
Makes mee to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some-thing exquisite.
To housed beauty, sildome stoopes report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
VVhat swanne of great *Apollos* brood doth sing,
To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting?
O what immortall Poets sugred pen,

Attends

Attends the glory of a Cittizen?
Oft haue I wondred what ſhould blinde your eye,
Or what ſo farre ſeduced Maieſtie,
That hauing choyce of beauties ſo diuine,
Amongſt the moſt to chooſe this leaſt of mine?
More glorious ſunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beſide;
vvho takes in hand to make account of this,
May number Rumneys flowers, or Iſis fiſh;
vvho doth frequent our Temples, walks, and ſtreets,
Noting the ſundry beauties that hee meets,
Thinks not that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made thys place the Chequer of her ſtore?
As heauen and earth were lately fallne at iarrs,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping ſtarrs.
That if but ſome one beautie ſhould incite,
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome rauiſht ſpirit to write,
Heere might he fetch ſuch true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages ſhould his lynes admire;
Gathering the honny from the choyſeſt flowers,
Scorning the withet'd weedes in Countrie bowers.
Heere in thys Garden (onely) ſpings the Roſe,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes,
Nor are we ſo turn'd Neapolitan,
That might incite ſome foule-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iuſt cauſe to rayle vpon our ſex;
To pranck old wrinkels vp in new attire,
To alter natures courſe, proue tyme a lyer,
Abuſing fate, and heauens iuſt doome reuerſe,
On beauties graue to ſet a Crimſon hearſe;
vvith a deceitfull foyle to lay a ground,
To make a glaſſe to ſeeme a Diamond.

Nor cannot without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantastick French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spanish, halfe Italionate;
Nor wast, nor curle, body nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boasts how witlesse fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignity?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what dyd to loue belong;
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Cropt beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the store,
vvhilst others gleane, where he had reapt before,
And he dares sweare that I am true and iust,
And shall I then deceiue his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assaile,
vvhere strongest battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repulsd the rest,
To leaue a King the conquest of my brest,
Or haue thus long preseru'd my selfe from all,
A Monarch now should glory in my fall.
Yet rather let mee die the vilest death,
Then lyue to draw such sinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde harts, mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chyde;
Too vvell know men what our creation made vs,
And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, when, what, and where,
To write, to speake, to sue, and to forbeare,
By signes, by sighes, by motions, & by teares, (praiers,
vvhen vowes should serue, when othes, when smiles, when
VVhat one delight our humors most doth moue,

Onely

Onely in that you make vs nouriſh loue.
If any naturall blemiſh blot our face,
You doe proteſt it giues our beautie grace;
And what attire we moſt are vſd to vveare,
That (of all other) excellent'ſt you ſweare;
And if we vvalke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lye,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Dietie;
And what you know vve take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beauty, and on vs:
Romes wanton *Ouid* did thoſe rules impart;
O that your nature ſhould be help'd by Art.
VVho would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by loue, ſo Poet-like ſhould faine?
To ſay that Beautie, Times ſterne rage to ſhun,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the ſun;
And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her Eaſt, and heere ſhee broke her day,
And ſwear'ſt that Sommer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the world is night:
And that the fayr'ſt, ere ſince the world began,
To me, a ſunne-burnt, baſe Egyptian;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(Oh would to God you knew it not too well.)
That vvomen oft theyr moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publiquely not flattering theyr owne praiſe.
Our churliſh husbands, which our youth enioyd,
vvho with our dainties haue their ſtomacks cloyd,
Doe lothe our ſmooth hand with theyr lips to feele,
T'enrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our commaund to waite, to ſend, to goe,
As euery hovvre our amorous ſeruants doe;

vvhich makes a ſtolne kiſſe often wee beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good wee owe;
vvhen hee all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a bedde of Downe;
vvhoſe rude imbracement, but too ill beſeemes,
Her ſpan-broade waſt, her white and daintie limmes;
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meate,
vvhen he himſelfe, of euery diſh will eate.
Blame you our husbands then, if they denie
Our publique walking, our looſe libertie,
If with exception ſtill they vs debarre,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the ſmooth-tongu'd Poets Syren vaine,
Sporting in his laſciuious Comick ſcene:
Or the young wanton wits, when they applaude
The ſlie perſwaſions of ſome ſubtile Baude;
Or paſsionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-ſicke paſsion on the ſtage;
vvhen though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare, and inward griefe,
Knowing rich prizes ſooneſt tempt a theefe.
VVhat ſports haue we, whereon our minds to ſet?
Our dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field;
Small is the pleaſure that theſe toyes doe yeeld.
But to this griefe, a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet libertie;
And ſoueraigntie; (ô that bewitching thing,)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King:
And more, that honour which doth moſt intice
The holieſt Nunne, and ſhee that's nere ſo nice.
Thus ſtill wee ſtriue, yet ouer-come at length,

For men want mercy, and poore women ſtrength:
Yet graunt, that we, could meaner men reſiſt
vvhen Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſight;
That his embraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe, I to my ſelfe am ſtrange.
Thy comming, is my full, thy ſet, my change.
Long VVinter nights be minuts, if thou heare,
Short minutes if thou abſent be a yeare.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me loue, euen in the midſt of hate.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

Would I had led an humble Sheepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three poems written by ſundry men, haue magnified this womans beauty: whom that ornament of England and Londons more particuler glory, Sir *Thomas Moore* very highly hath prayſed for her beauty, ſhe beeing aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her ſtature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, & each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and ſmooth, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue ſeene of hers, was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a ritch Mantle caſt vnder one arme ouer her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a chaire on which her naked arme did lye. What her Fathers name was, or where ſhee was borne is not certainly knowne: but *Shore* a young man of right good perſon, wealth, and behauiour, abandond her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third cauſing her to doe open penance in Paules Churchyard, commaunded that no man ſhould releeue her, which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſinne, but that by making his Brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treaſon the more cunningly.

May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish.

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side Rie an Hauen-towne dooth stand. Heereof the excellent English Antiquarie Maister *Camden*, and Maister *Lambert* in his perambulation doe make mention; and Marishes are commonly called those low grounds, which abut vpon the Sea, and from the Latine word are so denominated. Isis heere is vsed for Thamesis by a Senecdochicall kinde of speech, or by a poeticall liberty in vsing one for another, for it is sayd that Thamesis is compounded of Tame, and Isis, making when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a Citty much more renowned thē that water: which being plentifull of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreouer I am perswaded that there is no Riuer in the world beholds more stately buildings on eyther side cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the Fronts on eyther side are so gorgeous.

That might incite some foule-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan a pastorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly enueieth against woman-kinde, some of the which by way of an Appendex, might be heere inserted, seeing the fantastick and insolent humors of many of that sexe deserue much sharper phisick, were it not that they are grown wiser, then to amend, for such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea, or for *Euripides* himselfe, or *Senecas* inflexible Hippolitus.

The circuite of the publick Theater.

Ouid, a most fit Author for so dissolute a Sectarie, calls that place Chastities shipwrack, for though *Shores* wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humor of a Curtizan, yet much more is the prayse of modesty then of such liberty. Howbeit the Vestall Nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie, though they offending therein were buried quicke: a sharpe lawe for them, who may say as *Shores* wife dooth,

When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home.

FINIS.

To

To the Right Worſhipfull Henrie Goodere, of Powleſworth Eſquire.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my beeing with you at your lodging at London in May laſt, brought at length to perfection, (emboldened by your wonted fauours) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir you ſee I haue aduentred to the worlde, with what like or diſlike, I know not, if it pleaſe (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be pertaker, of that which I ſhall eſteeme not my leaſt good: if diſlike, it ſhall leſſen ſome part of my griefe, if it pleaſe you to alow but of my loue: howſoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many proteſtations, yet (I aſſure you) with much deſire of your honour. Thus vntill ſuch time as I may in ſome more larger meaſure make knowne my loue to the happy & generous family of the Gooderes, *(to which I confeſſe my ſelfe to be beholding to, for the moſt part of my education) I wiſh you all happines.*

Michaell Drayton.

Mary

Marie the French Queene, to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of Suffolke.

❋ The Argument.

Mary, *the daughter of that renowned Prince King* Henry *the seauenth, beeing very young at her Fathers death, after by her Brother King* Henry *the eyght, was giuen in marriage to* Lewes *King of Fraunce, being a man old and decrepite; This faire and beautifull Lady, long before had placed her affection on* Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue and couragious young Gentleman, and an especiall fauorite of the King her Brother, and a man raised by him. King* Lewes, *the husband of this beautifull Queene, lyued not long after hee was married: and* Charles Brandon *hauing commission from the King to bring her backe to England, but beeing delayed by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to Fraunce.*

SVch health from heauen my selfe may wish to mee,
Such health frō Fraunce, Queene *Mary* sends to thee.
Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay?
And know'st how ill we women brooke delay;
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell mee (vnkinde) what would an Ocean doe?
Leander had an Hellespont to swim,
Yet thys from *Hero* could not hinder him.

His

His Barke (poore ſoule) his breſt, his armes his oars,
But thou a ſhyp, to land thee on our ſhores;
And oppoſite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleaſant fields of famous Pickardie,
vvhere our fayre Callice, walled in her ſands,
In kenning of the cliffie Douer ſtands.
Heere is no Beldame nurſe to pout or lower,
vvhen wantonning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor neede I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to mee, as thou ſwimm'ſt by night;
Compar'd with mee, wert thou but halfe ſo kind,
Thy ſighes ſhould ſtuffe thy ſayles, though wanting wind;
But thy breaſt is becalm'd, thy ſighes bee ſlack,
And mine too ſtiffe, and blow thy broade ſayles back.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the flood,
Becauſe the winde ſo full againſt thee ſtood;
Nay blame it not, it did ſo roughly blow,
For it did chyde thee, for thou waſt ſo ſlow:
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from mee, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely lett'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt haue wafted hether with the tyde,
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not *Brandon*, thou haſt broke thy vow.
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dombe,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come,
Nay come, ſweet *Charles*, haue care thy ſhip to guide;
Come my ſweet hart, in faith I will not chide.
VVhen as my Brother and his louely Queene
In ſad attire for my depart were ſeene,
The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
vvhen I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuffred for thy ſake,

How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt with what a heauie hart
I tooke my farewell when I ſhould depart:
And being ſhypp'd, gaue ſignall with my hand,
Vp to the Cliffe where I did ſee thee ſtand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, ſweet *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little infant that hath loſt,
The thing where-with it was delighted moſt,
vveary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore ſoule) it ſits it downe, and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mourns for that it cannot finde:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lye,
vvhen as the ſhyp out of the roade did flie.
Think'ſt thou my loue was faythfull vnto thee,
vvhen young *Caſtile* to England ſu'd for mee?
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
vvhen I refuſd an Empyre for my dower.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in Fraunce didſt reuell with thy King,
vvhen hee in tryumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canapie,
Entred proude Tournay, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſuddainly deſtroy'd,
VVhen *Charles* of Caſtile there to banquet came,
vvith him his ſiſter, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoys proude Dutches, knowing how long ſhee,
By her loue ſought to winne my loue from mee;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*.

VVhen

VVhen in King *Henries* Tent of cloth of gold,
Shee often did thee in her armes enfold;
vvhere you were feasted more diliciously,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthonie*;
vvhere sports all day did entertaine your sight,
And then in Masks you pass'd away the night:
But thou wilt say, It proper is vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealious.
I must confesse, t'is oft found in our sexe,
But who not loue, not any thing suspects?
True loue doth looke with pale suspitions eye,
Take away loue, if you take iealousie.
VVhen *Henry*, Turwyn, and proude Tournay wonne,
Little thought I the end when thys begunne;
VVhen *Maximilian* to those warrs adrest,
vvare Englands Crosse on his imperiall brest,
And in our Armie let his Eagle flie,
And had his pay from *Henries* treasurie,
Little thought I, when first beganne these warrs,
My marriage day should end these bloody iarrs;
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But thys alone by *VVoolseys* wit was wrought,
To hys aduise the King gaue free consent,
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgins right, thy state could not aduaunce,
But now enriched with the dower of Fraunce;
Then, but poore *Suffolks* Dutchesse had I beene,
Now, the great Dowger, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe doth lie,
Lewes of Fraunce had my virginitie:
He had indeede, but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeue mee *Brandon*, he had scarcely that;
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,

But age muſt needes haue ſome-thing that is warme;
Small drops (God knowes) doe quench that heatles fire,
vvhen all the ſtrength is onely in deſire.
And I could tell, if modeſtie might tell,
There's ſome-what elſe that pleaſeth Louers well,
To reſt his cheeke, vpon my ſofter cheeke,
vvas all he had; and more he did not ſeeke.
So might the little babie clip the nurſe,
And it content, ſhee neuer a whit the worſe;
Then thinke thys *Brandon*, if that make thee frowne,
For mayden-head hee, on my head ſet a Crowne,
vvho would exchange a kingdome for a kiſſe,
Hard were the hart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe ſo ſwiftly doth not paſſe,
Not full fiue months yet elder then I was.
VVhen thou to Fraunce conducted was by fame,
vvith many Knights which from all Countries came,
Inſtalled at S. *Dennis* in my throne,
vvhere *Lewes* held my coronation;
vvhere the proude Dolphin, for thy valure ſake,
Choſe thee at tilt his princely part to take;
vvhen as the ſtaues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued there-with, I turn'd away my ſight;
And ſpake aloude, when I my ſelfe forgot,
Tis my ſweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not,
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſilly man, I pleaſd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That Europe neuer bred a brauer man:
And when (poore King) he ſimply prayſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhould'ſt be?
Thus I with him, diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſsion now a mends muſt make.

VVhilſt this old King vpon a pallet lyes,
And onely holds a combat vvith mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
vvhich might too well theyr Miſtres thoughts bewray.
But vvhen I ſavv thy proude vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of Fraunce,
To ſee vvhat pleaſure did my ſoule imbrace,
Might eaſily be diſcerned in my face.
Looke as the devv vpon a Damaske-Roſe,
Hovv through that cleereſt pearle his bluſhing ſhowes,
And when the ſoft ayre breathes vppon his top,
From thoſe ſvveet leaues falls eaſily drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, downe rayning from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, anothers roome ſupplies.
Before myne eye (like Touch) thy ſhape did proue,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe try,
My loue condemns my too too partiall eye.
The precious ſtone moſt beautifull and rare,
vvhen vvith it ſelfe vve onely doe compare,
vvee deeme all other of that kinde to be,
As excellent as that we onely ſee;
But vvhen vve iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous wee doe condemne our eye,
vvhich then appeares more orient, and more bright,
As from their dimnes, borrowing greater light.
Alanſoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
Vandom, good carridge, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet wants my *Suffolks* Lyons maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon*, a ſweet manlie face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proude *Longauile*, our Court iudg'd had no peere,

A man ſcarce made (was thought) whilſt thou waſt heere.
Countie S. Paule, brau'ſt man at Armes in Fraunce,
vvould yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy Launce;
Galleas and *Bounarme*, matchleſſe for theyr might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue couch'd in fight.
If with our loue my Brother angry be,
Ile ſay for his ſake I firſt loued thee;
And but to frame my liking to his minde,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kind.
Should not the ſiſter like as doth the brother,
The one of vs ſhould be vnlike the other.
VVorthy my loue, the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian;
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſt, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to mee is Fraunce, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmile.
VVhen laſt of mee his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
Hee ſware an oath, (and made my lyps the booke)
Hee would make haſt, which now thou dooſt denie,
Thou art forſworne, ô wilfull periurie.
Sooner would I with greater ſinnes diſpence,
Then by intreatie pardon thys offence.
But yet I thinke, if I ſhould come to ſhriue thee,
Great were the fault that I ſhould not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou here, I ſhould reuenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much louing thee.

The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I from Douer did depart away.

KIng *Henry* the 8. with the Queene and Nobles, in the 6. yeare of his raigne, in the month of September, brought this Lady to Douer, where ſhe tooke ſhipping for Fraunce.

Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When young Caſtile *to England ſued for me.*

It was agreed and concluded twixt *Hen.* the 7, and *Phillip* King of Caſtile, Sonne to *Maximilian* the Emperour, that *Charles* eldeſt Sonne of the ſaid *Phillip*, ſhould marry the Lady *Mary*, Daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the 8. yeare of *Hen.* the 8. annihilated.

When he in tryumph of his victory
Vnder a rich embrodred Canapy,
Entred proud Turnay *which did trembling ſtand, &c.*

Henry the 8. after the long ſeege of Turnay, which was deliuered to him vpon compoſition, entred the Citty in tryumph, vnder a Canapy of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the cheefe and moſt noble Cittizens: the King himſelfe mounted vppon a gallant Courſer barded with the Arms of England, Fraunce, and Ireland.

When Charles *of Caſtile there to banquet came,*
With him his Siſter that ambitious Dame.
Sauoys *proud Dutches.*

The King beeing at Turnay: there came to him the Prince of Caſtile, and the Lady *Margarit* Dutches of Sauoy his Siſter, to whom King *Hen.* gaue great entertainment.

Saũoys *proud Dutches knowing how long ſhe*
By her loue ſought to winne my loue from me.

At this time there was ſpeech of a marriage to be concluded, betweene *Charles Brandon* then L. *Liſle*, & the Dutches of Sauoy, the L. *Liſle* being highly fauored, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henryes *Tent of cloth of gold.*

The King cauſed a ritch Tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feaſted the Prince of Caſtile, and the Dutches: and entertayned them with ſumptuous maskes and banquets during their aboade.

When Maximilian *to thoſe warres adreſt,*
Wore Englands Croſſe on his imperiall breſt.

The Emperour *Maximilian* with all his Souldiours, which ſerued vnder King *Henry*, wore the croſſe of Saint *George*, with the Roſe on their breaſts.

And in our Army let his Eagle flye.

The blacke Eagle is the badge imperiall, which heere is vſed for the diſplaying of his enſigne or ſtandard.

And had his pay from Henries *treaſurie.*

Henry the 8, at his warres in Fraunce, retayned the Emperour and all his Souldiours in wages, which ſerued vnder him during thoſe warres.

But this alone by VVoolſeys *wit was wrought.*

Thomas Woolſey, the Kings Almoner, then Biſhop of Lincolne, a man of great authority with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the cheefe cauſe that the Lady *Mary* was married to the old French King, with whom the French King had dealt vnder hand to befriend him in that match.

When the proud Dolphin for thy valure ſake,
Choſe thee at tylt his princely part to take.

Frauncis Duke of Valoys, and Dolphin of Fraunce, at the mariage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Iuſts, where he choſe the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques *Dorſet* for his aydes, at all Martiall exerciſes.

Galeas, *and* Bounarme *matchles for their might.*

This County *Galeas* at the Iuſts ranne a courſe with a Speare, which was at the head 5. inches ſquare on euery ſide, and at the But 9. inches ſquare, whereby hee ſhewed his wonderous force and ſtrength. This *Bounarme*, a Gentleman of Fraunce, at the ſame time came into the field armed at all poynts with 10. Speares bout him: in each ſtirrop, 3, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his horſe to the carere, neuer ſtopped him till he had broken euery ſtaffe. *Hall.*

¶ *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, to *Mary* the French Queene.

BVt that thy fayth commaunds mee to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if I impatient were;
VVere my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time thy louing lines to reed.
Heere in the Court, Camelion like I fare,
And liue (God knowes) of nothing but of ayre;
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And ſtarue mine eares to heare of my diſpatch;
If Douer were th'Abydos of my reſt,
Or pleaſant Callice were my *Maryes* Ceſt,
Thou ſhould'ſt not need, faire Queene to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance to deſire ſay no;
No tedious night from trauell ſhould be free,
Till through the waues, with ſwimming vnto thee,
A ſnowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtayned way,
The reſtleſſe ſunne by trauailing doth vveare,
Paſsing his courſe to finiſh vp his yeere.
But Paris locks my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine;
Of thy firme loue thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my fayth, not one word can I finde.
VVhen *Longauile* to *Mary* was affied,
And thou by him waſt made King *Lewis* bride,
How oft I wiſh'd that thou a prize mights bee,

That I in Armes, might combat him for thee,
And in the madnes of my loue diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murther haue fore-thought;
But that th'all-ſeeing powers which ſit aboue,
Regard not mad mens oathes, nor faults in loue;
And haue confirm'd it by the graunt of heauen,
That louers ſinnes on earth ſhould be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe ſo much diſtreſt,
As he that loues to ſee his loue poſſeſt.
Comming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my hart,)
Mee thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne, and deſolate,
In whoſe faire walkes thou often haſt been ſeene,
To ſport with *Katherine*, *Henries* beautious Queene,
Aſtoniſhing ſad vvinter with thy ſight,
As for thy ſake, the day hath put back night;
That the Byrds thinking to approch the ſpring,
Forgot themſelues, and haue begun to ſing:
So oft I goe by Thames, ſo oft returne,
Mee thinks for thee, the Riuer yet doth mourne,
vvho I haue ſeene to let her ſtreame at large,
vvhich like a Hand-mayde wayted on thy Barge;
And if thou hapſt againſt the flood to row,
VVhich way it ebd before, now would it flow;
Letting her drops in teares fall from thy oares,
For ioy that ſhee had got thee from the ſhoares.
The ſiluer ſwannes, with muſicke that thoſe make,
Ruffing theyr plumes, come glyding on the lake,
As the fleet Dolphins, by *Arions* ſtrings,
vvere brought to land with muſicks rauiſhings;
The flocks and heards that paſture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne theyr foode;

And ſat downe ſadlie, mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to ſwim.
VVhen as the Poſt to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report;
Hovv in a ſtorme thy well rigg'd ſhyps were toſt,
And thou thy ſelfe in danger to be loſt,
I knew twas *Venus* loth'd that aged bed,
vvhere beautie ſo ſhould be diſhonoured,
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but ſeene, theyr Goddeſſe ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view thy Nauie nowe in launching out,
Her ayrie mantle looſly doth vnbind,
vvhich fanning forth a rougher gale of vvind,
vvaſted thy ſayles with ſpeede vnto the land,
And runnes thy ſhyp on Bullens harboring ſtrand.
How ſhould I ioy of thy arriue to heare?
But as a poore ſea-faring paſſenger,
After long trauaile, tempeſt-torne and wrack'd,
By ſome vnpittying Pyrat that is ſack'd;
Heares the falſe robber that hath ſtolne his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe harbor, and in health;
Enriched with inualuable ſtore,
For which he long hath traueled before.
VVhen thou to *Abaile* held'ſt th'appointed day,
vve heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
vvhere thou in glittering Tiſſue ſtrangly dight,
Appear'dſt vnto him, like the Queene of light,
In Cloth of ſiluer all thy virgine traine,
In beautie ſumptuous, as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formoſt glorious ſtarre,
vvhich lead'ſt the teame of that great VVagoner.
VVhat could thy thought be, but as I doe think,

VVhen thine eyes tasted, what mine eares did drinke?
A Cripple King layd bedrid long before,
Yet at thy comming crept out of the dore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vse thy beauty as the miser gold,
vvhich hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vsurie;
O Sacriledge, (if beauty be deuine,)
The prophane hand should tuch the halowed shrine.
To surfet sickines on the sound mans dyet,
To rob Content, yet still to liue vnquiet,
And hauing all, to be of all beguild,
And yet still longing like a little child.
VVhen Marques *Dorset* and the valiant *Grayes*,
To purchase fame first croft the narrow Seas,
vvith all the Knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall turnament,
Thinkst thou I ioy'd not in thy Beauties pride?
vvhen thou in tryumph didst through Paris ride;
VVhere all the streets as thou didst pace along
vvith Arras, Bisse, and Tapestry were hong.
Ten thousand gallant Cittizens prepar'd,
In ritch attire thy Princely selfe to guard,
Next them three thousand, choise religeous men,
In golden vestments followed them agen;
And in precession as they came along,
vvith *Himeneus* sang thy marriage song.
Then fiue great Dukes, as did their places fall,
To each of these, a Princely Cardinall,

Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
vvhilſt the Pariſian Dames, as thy trayne paſt,
Their precious Incence in aboundance caſt.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embatteld ſhrouds,
Opening the weſt, comes ſtreaming through the clouds,
vvith ſhining troupes of ſiluer-treſſed ſtarres
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers,
And all the leſſer lights about her throne,
vvith admiration ſtand as lookers on;
VVhilſt ſhe alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her ſpheare doth glide.
vvhen on the tylt my Horſe like thunder came;
No other ſignall had I but thy name,
Thy voyce my Trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I eſteem'd no prize.
That large-limd Almaine of the Gyants race,
vvhich bare ſtrength on his breaſt, feare in his face,
vvhoſe ſenewed armes, with his ſteele-tempered blade,
Through plate and male, ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the French-mens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beate him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquered ſpoile to thee.
But thou wilt ſay, (perhaps) I vainly boaſt
And tell thee that, which thou already knoweſt,
No ſacred Queene, my valure I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chiualry:
One of thy treſſed Curles which falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy Crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundry formes to make it,
Now parting it, to foure, to three, to twayne,

Now twisting it, and then vntwist againe;
Then make the threds to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle, for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
vvhich falling downe, as though a starre had shot,
My vp-turnd eye pursues it with my sight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.
Tis but in vaine, of my descent to boast,
vvhen heauens Lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
Faulcons looke not, the Eagle sitting by,
vvhose broode doth gaze the sunne with open eye;
Else might my blood finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth plaine, beat *Richard* from his horse;
vvhose puissant Armes, great *Richmond* chose to weeld,
His glorious Colours, in that conquering feeld;
And with his sword, in his deere soueraignes sight,
To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right.
Then beautious Empresse, thinke thys safe delay,
Shall be the euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lye,
vvise-men must giue place to necessitie;
To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare,
Better first feare, then after still to feare.
Tweare ouer-sight in that at which we ayme,
To put the hazard on an after game;
vvith patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And tell I come, receaue these lines I send.

Notes of the Chronicle historie.

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affied.*

THE Duke of Longauile which was prisoner in England, vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and Fraunce, was

deliuered, and married the Princesse *Mary* for *Lewes* the French King his Maister.

How in a storme thy well-rigd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene sayled for Fraunce, a mighty storme arose at Sea, so that the Nauy was in great danger, and was seuered, some driuen vpon the Coast of Flaunders, some on Britaine: the ship wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

When thou to Abuile heldst th'apoynted day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forrest of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great solemnity.

Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene and her traine: attended by the cheefe of the Nobility of Kngland, with 36. Ladies all in cloath of siluer, theyr Horses trapped with Crimson veluet.

A Cripple King layd bedrid long before.

King *Lewes*, was a man of great yeares, troubled much with the goute, so that he had had of long time before little vse of his legs.

When Marques Dorset *and the valiant* Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolke, when the proclaimation came into England, of Iusts to be holden in Fraunce at Paris: he for the Queenes sake his Mistres obtayned of the King to goe thether: with whom went the Marques *Dorset* and his foure Brothers, the Lord *Clynton*, Sir *Edward Neuill*, Sir *Gyles Capell*, *Tho. Cheyney*: which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When thou in tryumph didst through Paris ride.

A true discription of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performd at Saint Denis.

Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes, of Alansoon, Burbon, Vadome, Longauile, Suffolke, with fiue Cardinalls.

That large-limd Almayne of the Gyants race.

Frauncis Valoys, the Dolphin of Fraunce enuying the glory, that the English-men had obtayned at the tilt, brought in an Almayne secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which incountred *Charles Brandon* at Barriers, but the Duke grasping

with him, ſo beate him about the head with the pomell of his ſword, that the blood came out of the ſight of his Caske.

Elſe might my blood finde iſſue from his force,
In Boſworth, &c.

Sir *William Brandon* ſtanderd-bearer to the Earle of Richmond, (after *Henry* the 7,) at Boſworth field, a braue and gallant Gentleman: who was ſlaine by *Richard* there, this was Father to this *Charles Brandon*, after Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

To

To the modeſt and vertuous Gentlewoman, Miſtres *Fraũcis Goodere*, Daughter to Sir *Henry Goodere* Knight, and wife to *Henry Goodere* Eſquire.

MY very gracious and good Miſtres, the loue and duty I bare to your Father whilſt hee liued, now after his deceaſe is to you hereditary: to whom by the bleſſing of your birth he left his vertues. Who bequeathed you thoſe which were his, gaue you what ſo euer good is mine, as deuoted to his, he being gone, whom I honored ſo much whilſt he liued: which you may iuſtly challenge by al lawes of thankfulnes. My ſelfe hauing been a witnes of your excellent education, and milde diſpoſition (as I may ſay) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epiſtle of this vertuous and goodly Lady to your ſelfe: ſo like her in all perfection, both of wiſedom and learning: which I pray you accept till time ſhall enable me to leaue you ſome greater monument of my loue.

Michaell Drayton.

The Lady *Iane Gray*, to the Lord *Gilford Dudley*.

* The Argument.

After the death of that vertuous young Prince King Edward *the sixt, the sonne of that famous King* Henry *the eyght.* Iane, *the daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of Suffolke, by the consent of* Iohn Dudley *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England: beeing married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth sonne of the foresayde Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by theyr ambitious Fathers, who went about by this meanes to bring the Crowne vnto theyr Children, and to dispossesse the Princesse* Mary, *eldest daughter of King* Henry *the eyght, heire to King* Edward *her Brother. Queene* Mary *rising in Armes to clayme her rightfull Crowne, taketh the sayd* Iane Gray, *and the Lorde* Gilford *her husband, beeing lodged in the Tower for theyr more safety, which place being lastly theyr Pallace, by this meanes becomes their prison: where being seuered in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne owne deere Lord, sith thou art lock'd frō mee,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renew all loues, all kindnes past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.
My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
vvho with thy greeting, aunswers my desire;

which

vvhich my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe ſtops my words, and I but ſtriue in vaine;
VVhere-with amaz'd, away in haſt he goes,
vvhen through my lips, my hart thruſts forth my woes;
vvhen as the doores that make a dolefull ſound,
Driue backe my words, that in the noyſe are drownd;
vvhich ſome-what huſh'd, the eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterats my word,
vvhen like an aduerſe wind in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the tyde bending his boyſtrous force;
But when the flood hath wrought it ſelfe about,
Hee following on, doth headlong thruſt it out:
Thus ſtriue my ſighes, with teares ere they begin,
And breaking out, againe ſighes driue them in.
A thouſand formes preſent my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue when they forth are brought,
From ſtrongeſt woe, we hardly language wreſt,
The depth of griefe, with words is ſounded leaſt.
As teares doe fall, and riſe, ſighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebb, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny teares, doe make my Inke looke pale,
My Inck clothes tears in thys ſad mourning vaile,
The Letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, greeu'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable our ſelues, why ſhould we deeme?
Sith none is ſo, but in his owne eſteeme;
vvho in diſtreſſe, from reſolution flies,
Is rightly ſayd to yeeld to miſeries;
That life is onely miſerable and vile,
From which faire patience doth it ſelfe exile.
They which begot vs, did beget this ſinne,
They firſt begun, what dyd our griefe begin;
VVee taſted not, t'was they which dyd rebell,

Not our offence, but in theyr fall we fell;
They which a Crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd,
All hope, all life, all libertie extinct;
A ſubiect borne, a Princeſſe to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor ſubiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile ambition, how dooſt thou deceaue vs,
VVhich ſhew'ſt vs heauen, and yet in hell dooſt leaue vs?
Sildome vntouch'd doth innocens eſcape,
vvhen error commeth in good counſailes ſhape,
A lawfull title counterchecks proude might,
The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right;
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our ſpotleſſe innocens relieue vs.
Death but an acted paſsion doth appeare,
vvhere truth giues courage, and the conſcience cleere,
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I beare part of what ſo ere is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
vvhen as our kingdome was our ſweet embraces;
At Durham Pallace, where ſweet *Himen* ſang,
vvhoſe buildings with our nuptiall muſick rang?
vvhen *Prothalamions* prayſd that happy day,
vvherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
vvhen they deuiſd to linck by wedlocks band,
The houſe of Suffolke to Northumberland;
Our fatall Dukedome, to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on ſo weake a ground.
For what auailes a lawleſſe vſurpation?
vvhich giues a ſcepter, but not rules a nation,
Onely the ſurfit of a vaine opinion;
vvhat giues content, giues more then all dominion.
VVhen firſt mine eares were perſed with the fame,
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princes name,

A ſuddaine fright my trembling hart appalls,
The feare of conſcience entreth yron walls.
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had fore-ſeene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue eſcap'd theſe furious tempeſts wrath.
The Cedar-building Eagle beares the winde,
And not the Faulcon, though both Hawkes by kind;
That kingly byrd doth from the cloudes commaund,
The fearefull foule that moues but neere the land.
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My blood not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandſire *Brandon*, did our houſe aduaunce,
By princely *Mary*, dowager of Fraunce;
The fruite of that fayre ſtocke which did combine,
And Yorks ſweet branch with Lancaſters entwine,
And in one ſtalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermilion Roſe, with purer white;
I, the vntimely ſlip of that rich ſtem,
vvhoſe golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I;
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die.
VVhilſt we weare as our ſelues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The pureſt blood, polluted is in blood,
Neereſt contemnd, if ſoueraignty withſtood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,
The day too darke to ſee affinitie;
And where the arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendſhyp is broke, the deereſt things thrown downe;
For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoyd,
The heauens haue built, what earth woulde haue deſtroyd,
And ſeating *Edward* on his regall throne,

Hee giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
By death assuring what by life is theyrs,
The lawfull clayme, of *Henries* lawfull heyres.
By mortall lawes, the bond may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree, by no meanes can be forc'd,
The rule the case, when men haue all decreed,
vvho tooke him hence, knew well who should succeed.
In vaine be counsells, statuts, humaine lawes,
vvhen cheese of counsailes pleads the iustest cause;
Thus rule the heauens in theyr continuall course,
That yeelds to fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for tyme but to deuoure,
But vertu's free from tyme, and fortunes power;
vvhat vertue gets, once got, doth neuer wast,
And hauing this, thys thou for euer hast:
Then my kind Lord, sweet *Gilford* bee not greeu'd,
The soule is heauenly, and from heauen releeu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of mindes to eyther;
To thy faire breast take my resolued minde,
Arm'd against black Dispaire, and all her kind,
And to my bosome breathe that soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:
So shall our fayths as firmely bee approued,
As I of thee, or thou of mee beloued.
Thys life, no life, wert thou not deere to mee,
Nor thys no death, were I not woe for thee;
Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now lyue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely finde, what ere by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes,

That

That ſweet reſemblance, which by power of kind,
Formes (like it ſelfe) an Image in the mind,
And in our fayth the operations bee
Of that diuinenes, which by faith we ſee;
vvhich neuer errs, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleſhes imbicillitie;
By each temptation ouer-apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as our bodyes priſons be theſe Towers,
So to our ſoules, theſe bodies be of ours:
vvhoſe fleſhly walls hinder that heauenly light,
As theſe ſtone walls depriue our wiſhed ſight,
Death is the key which vnlocks miſery,
And lets them out to bleſſed liberty.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy hart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſſe of thys earthly part;
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lye,
On fayth, repentance, and humilitie;
Humilitie to heauen the ſtep, the ſtayre,
Is for deuotion, ſacrifice, and prayer;
The next place doth to true repentance fall,
A ſalue, a comfort, and a cordiall:
Hee that hath that, the keyes of heauen hath,
That is the guide, that is the port, the path;
Fayth is thy Fort, thy ſhield, thy ſtrongeſt ayde,
Neuer controld, nere yeelded, nere diſmayd;
vvhich doth dilate, vnfold, fore-tell, expreſſeth,
vvhich giues rewards, inueſteth, and poſſeſſeth.
Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martirdome,
Before the black and diſmall dayes begin,
The dayes of all Idolatry, and ſinne,
Not ſuffering vs to ſee that wicked age,

VVhen perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
vvhen tiranny, new tortures ſhall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe ſhall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King,
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it,
vvhich broken, hurt, and wounded, ſhall receaue it:
And on her temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Roote out the dregs Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Syons* glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Layd ruine, waſt, and deſolate before:
And from black ſinders, and rude heapes of ſtones,
Shall gather vp the Martirs ſcattered bones,
And ſhall exterpe the power of Rome againe,
And caſt aſide, the heauy yoake of Spaine.
Farewell ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtrangers heere,
Let vs make haſt to goe vnto the bleſt,
vvhich from theſe weary worldly labours reſt,
And with theſe lines my deareſt Lord, I greete thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe ſhall meete thee.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

They which begot vs, did beget this ſinne.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whoſe pride was the cauſe of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

At Durham Pallace where ſweete Hymen *ſang*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth Sonne to *Iohn Dudley*, Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Iane Gray*, Daughter to the Duke of Suffolke at Durham houſe in the Strand.

When first mine eares were pearced with the fame
Of Iane *proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Iane* was taken as Queene, conueyed by water to the Tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the Realme: as so ordayned by King *Edwards* Letters-pattents, and his will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our house aduaunce*
By Princely Mary *Dowager of Fraunce.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, married *Frauncis* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queene, by which *Frauncis* hee had this Lady *Iane*: this *Mary* the French Queene was Daughter to King *Henry* the seauenth, by *Elizabeth* his Queene, which happy marriage conioyned the two Noble families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry *most strowe to auoyde.*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the eight euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his Daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the Crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth *shall leaue it.*

A Prophecie of Queene *Maries* barrennes, & of the happy and glorious raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*: her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish seruitude, and casting aside the yoake of Spaine.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, to the Lady *Iane Gray*.

THus from the ſtrongeſt treble-walled Tower,
Swan-like I ſing, before my dying hower;
O if there were ſuch power but in my verſe,
As in theſe woes, my wounded hart doe pierce,
Stones taking ſence, th'obdurate flint that heares,
Should at my plaints diſſolue it ſelfe to teares.
Lend mee a teare, Ile pay thee with a teare,
And intereſt to, if thou the ſtock forbeare;
vvoe, for a woe, and for thy intereſt lone,
I will returne thee franckly two for one;
Ile giue thee howers of woe, and yeares of ſorrow,
And turne the day to night, the night to morrow.
And if thou think'ſt tyme yet doth paſſe to ſoone,
vvhen euening comes, wee'll make it but our noone;
And if a griefe proue weake, and not of force,
I will exchange a better for a worſe;
And if thou thinke too quickly ſorrowe ends,
Another twice ſo long ſhall make amends.
Perhaps thou'lt iudge, in ſuch extreames as theſe,
That words of comfort might farre better pleaſe;
But ſuch ſtrange power, in thy perfection liueth,
As ſmyles in teares, and teares in gladnes giueth.
Yet thinke not *Iane*, that cowardly I faint,
As begging mercy by thys ſad complaint;
Or yet ſuppoſe my courage daunted ſo,
That thou ſhouldſt ſtand betwixt mee, and my foe,

That grym-aſpected death ſhould now controule,
And ſeeme ſo fearefull to my parting ſoule,
For were one life, a thouſand lifes to mee,
Yet were all thoſe too few to die with thee;
vvhen thou thy woes ſo patiently dooſt beare,
As if in death, no cauſe of ſorrow were,
And no more dooſt lyfes diſſolution ſhun,
Then if colde age his longeſt courſe had run.
Thou which didſt once giue comfort to my woe,
Now art alone, become my comforts foe;
Not that I leaue wherein I did delight,
But that thou art debarr'd my wiſhed ſight;
For if I ſpeake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straightwayes thy name doth come into my tongue;
And thou art preſent as thou ſtill didſt lie,
Or in my hart, or in my lypps, or eye.
No euill plannet raigned at thy birth,
Nor was that hower prodigious heere on earth;
No fatall marke of froward deſtenie,
Could be diuin'd in thy natiuitie;
Tis onely I, that dyd thy fall deuiſe,
And thou by mee, art made a ſacrifice;
As in the Eaſt, whereas the louing wiues,
Doe with theyr husbands euer end theyr liues,
And crown'd with garlands, in theyr brydes attire,
Goe with theyr husbands to that holy fire;
And ſhee vnworthy thought to liue of all,
vvhom feare of death, or danger doth appall.
I boaſt not of *Northumberlands* great name,
Nor of *Ketts* conqueſt, which adornes the ſame;
VVhen he to Norfolke led his troupes from farre,
And yok'd the Rebells in the chayne of warre,
vvhen our VVhite-beare, dyd furiouſly reſpire,

The flames that sing'd theyr Villages with fire,
And brought sweet peace in safetie to our dores,
Yet left our fame vpon the Easterne shores;
Nor of my princely Brothers, which might grace,
And plant true honour in the *Dudleys* race;
Nor of *Grayes* match, my chydren borne by thee,
Alied to Yorke and Lancaster should be;
But of thy vertues proudly boast I dare,
That shee is mine, whom all perfections are.
I crau'd no kingdome, though I thee did craue,
And hauing thee, I wish'd no more to haue.
Yet let me say, how ere thys fortune fell,
Mee thinks a Crowne should haue becom'd thee well,
Mee thinks thy wisedome was ordaind alone,
To blesse a scepter, beautifie a throne;
Thy lyps a sacred oracle retaine,
vvherein all holy prophecies remaine;
More highly priz'd thy vertues were to mee,
Then Crownes, then Kingdoms, or then Scepters bee.
So chast thy loue, so innocent thy life,
A wifed virgine, and a mayded wife;
The greatest gifts that heauen could giue mee heere,
Nothing so sweet, so good, so pure, so deare.
Thys was the ioy wherein we liu'd of late,
Ere worldly cares did vs excruciate,
Before these troubles did our peace confound,
Or warre, or weapon, massacre, or wound;
Ere dreadfull Armies did disturbe our shores,
Or walls were shaken, with the Cannons roars.
Suspect bewrayes our thoughts, betrayes our words,
One Crowne is guarded with a thousand swords;
To meane estate but common woes are showne,
But Crownes haue cares that euer be vnknowne;

And wee by them are to thoſe dangers led,
Of which the leaſt wee are experienced.
VVhen *Dudley* led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of all the boſome of the Land poſſeſt,
vvhat earthly comfort was it that he lack'd,
That with a Counſells warrantie was back'd?
That had a kingdome, and the power of Lawes,
Still to maintaine the iuſtnes of his cauſe;
And with the Clergies helpe, the Commons ayde,
In euery place the peopled Kingdom ſway'd.
But what (alas) can Parliaments auaile,
VVhen *Maries* might, muſt *Edwards* acts repeale?
VVhen Suffolks power, doth *Suffolks* hopes withſtand,
Northumberland, doth leaue *Northumberland*.
And thoſe which ſhould our greatnes vnderprop,
Raze our foundation, ouerthrow our top.
Ere greatnes come, we wiſh it with our hart,
But beeing come, wee wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
vvhich when it comes, brings perrill at the laſt.
If any man doe pittie our offence,
Let him be ſure to get him farre from hence,
Heere is no place, no comfort heere at all,
For any one that ſhall bewaile our fall,
And we in vaine of mercy ſhould but thinke,
Our brinie teares the ſullen earth doth drinke.
O that all teares for vs ſhould be forlorne,
And all abortiue when they ſhould be borne;
Mothers that ſhould theyr chyldrens fortunes rue,
Fathers in death to kindly bid adew;
Friends of theyr friends, a kinde farewell to take,
The faythfull ſeruaunt mourning for our ſake;
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our Beere,

Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere;
Thoſe eares are ſtopt which ſhould bewaile our fall,
And we the mourners, and the dead and all;
And that which firſt our pallace was ordaind,
The priſon, which our liberty reſtraind,
And where our Court we held in princely ſtate,
There now alone, are left diſconſolate.
Thus then reſolu'd, as thou, reſolu'd am I,
Die thou for me, and I for thee will die;
And yet that heauen *Elizabeth* may bleſſe,
Be thou (ſweet *Iane*) a faithfull Prophiteſſe.
vvith that health gladly reſaluting thee,
vvhich thy kind farewell, wiſh'd before to mee.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtorie.

Nor of Ketts *conqueſt which adornes the ſame.*

Iohn Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of VVarwicke, in his expedition againſt *Ket*, ouerthrew the Rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamp'd at Mount Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my Princely Brothers which might grace.

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardnes of his Brothers, which were all likely in deede to haue rayſed that houſe of the *Dudleys*, of which he was a fourth Brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match my children borne by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady *Iane Gray*, by her Mother, which was *Frauncis* the Daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, Daughter to *Henry* the ſeauenth, and Siſter to *Henry* the eight.

To bleſſe a Scepter beautifie a throane.

Sildome hath it euer beene knowne of any woman endued with ſuch wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wiſedome

and learning, of whose skill in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Miraris Ianam Graio *sermone valere,*
Quo primum nata est tempore Graia *fuit,*

When Dudley *led his Armies to the East.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London, for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolk, and making hast away, appoynted the rest of his forces to meete him at Newmarket Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shorditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, he sayd, The people presse to see vs, but none bid God speede vs.

That with the Counsels warranty was back'd.

Iohn Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queene *Mary*, had his Commission sealed for the generalship of the Army, by the consent of the whole Counsell of the Land, in so much that passing through the Counsell Chamber at his departure: the Earle of Arondell wished that hee might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrell.

When Suffolks power doth Suffolks *hopes withstand,*
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the first, that euer resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distres, repayring to her succours, whilst she remained both at Kentingall, and at Fremingham Castell, still encreasing her aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland, was left forsaken at Cambridge.

FINIS.

Faults escaped.

Folio.	page,	line,	fault.		correction.
9	1	11	Let this,		Let these
12	2	1	loue and		loue not
23	2	14	expusd from		expulsd from
35	1	17	your censor		your censure
35	2	25	loues sterne		warres sterne
36	2	32	If *Cadmus*		Of *Cadmus*
42	2	23	*Aquilla*	read	*Aquila*
46	1	29	in the the time		in the time
46	2	10	was by the		by the
56	2	1	daily stormes		daily starues
58	1	22	onely spings		onely springs
63	1	7	It proper is vn to vs.		Tis proper vnto vs.